

BOSTON COLLEGE

SUMMER 2017

MAGAZINE

The seminar

**30 BOOKS, 40 PAINTINGS,
NINE MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS, AND
ONE VERY LONG CONVERSATION**

BY ZACHARY JASON

PROLOGUE

REQUIRED READING

Lists of Great Books—as distinguished from merely great books—are a cultural phenomenon of relatively recent origin, enabled in the mid-to-late 19th century by rising literacy and improved publishing technology, and inspired by a search for a set of values to stand alongside Christianity in Enlightenment Europe.

The first Great Books lists were developed by public-spirited intellectuals who contended that particular volumes, ranging back to the Bible and Plato and then forward to such as Dante and Molière were just the thing to buttress Western culture. These were the works that Matthew Arnold famously flattered in *Culture and Anarchy* (1869) as “the best which has been thought and said in the world” (by which Arnold meant Europe, of course)—books, he went on to say, with the remarkable power to “make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light.”

The first significant Great Books canon came out of France, where Auguste Comte in 1851 proclaimed his “Positivist Library,” introducing his admirers to a list of 270 written works (the number would change over the ensuing years) that were good for them, by which he, as a founding Positivist, meant that they advanced the cause of fresh science over musty metaphysics and theism.

For some reason—maybe because 270 is a frightening number and perhaps because Positivism, while popular, was still a school of philosophy—Comte’s list didn’t get far. But other canons followed, and by the late Victorian era, notes the literary scholar W.B. Carnochan, “the habit of drawing up lists of books became a mania—or a parlor game affected, like other parlor games, with manic overtones.”

Among those drawn into the mania was Sir John Lubbock, a British banker and long-serving member of Parliament—and a man so clubbable and generous, it was said that he attended a board meeting every evening of his life. In January 1886, on one of those nights out, Lubbock firmly established himself as the sire of the traditional British (and American) Great Books list when he offered up “the hundred best books” ever published in a speech at London’s Working Men’s College, of which he was a supporter and which had, as his charitable mission, providing liberal education to Londoners who worked in the trades and as artisans.

Sir John afterward insisted that he intended no canon but only a casual commendation of books a gentleman should read, but his protest came too late. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, a minor but imaginative London newspaper, obtained the list, sought comments from a variety of eminences—including

ing Gladstone, Ruskin, William Morris, Wilkie Collins, and Edward, Prince of Wales (who, according to a letter from his secretary, suggested a bit more Dryden)—and turned Lubbock’s list into a supplement titled “The Best Hundred Books, by the Best Judges.” It sold 40,000 copies, perhaps because some of the judges responded with acid scorn. Ruskin, for example, returned the newspaper with single lines drawn through “needless” titles and many lines drawn through “rubbish and poison.” (The *Gazette* published a facsimile of his response.) And James Payn, a popular novelist now deservedly forgotten, chimed in with, “I cannot help saying to myself: ‘Here are the most admirable and varied materials for the formation of a prig,’” before adding, “There is no more common mistake in these days than the education of people beyond their wits.”

Ten years later, Lubbock’s list was still being published, with the claim that it remained “unchallenged as the best possible list of the best hundred books.” No serious challenge arose in the United States until 1909, when Collier published the 51-volume *Harvard Universal Classics*, aimed, much like Lubbock’s list, at an audience of readers who were aspirant—who, as Harvard President Charles Eliot maintained, might not have the time to spare for a true college education but who could nonetheless find 15 minutes a day for self improvement. Eliot had devised the list, and it included the usual European and ancient Greek suspects, along with Emerson and Franklin and Penn, et al.

Eliot’s choices were themselves challenged in 1952, when the Encyclopedia Britannica launched its 54-volume *Great Books of the Western World* and sent an army of savvy door-to-door salesmen to bring culture to the drives, lanes, and cul-de-sacs of suburban America.

By then, colleges and universities, which had previously dismissed Great Books lists as middlebrow fodder, had themselves begun developing Great Books courses and curricula as a way of steadying liberal arts education against encroachment by science and professional studies. “The riches and uplift of the humanities are battered for a mess of pottage,” sputtered Charles Gayley, an English and classics professor at the University of California, Berkeley, who is said to have taught the nation’s first Great Books course in 1901. Today, at least 166 colleges, from Adelphi to Yale, claim such programs, and Boston College is one of a handful that claim two.

Our story on “Western Cultural Tradition V–VIII” begins on page 32.

—BEN BIRNBAUM

Contents

BOSTON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. 77 NO. 3 SUMMER 2017



From "The Deep End," pg. 26

FEATURES

18 WALK OFF

Shea Field goes the distance

By Joseph Gravellese '10

Photography by Frank Curran

26 THE DEEP END

Rock hounds at the bottom of an Ordovician ocean

By Peter Brannen '06

32 AT THE TABLE

Historian Mark O'Connor taught the Arts and Sciences Honors Program sophomore seminar—a study of European culture from Machiavelli to Woolf—for 39 years. This year was his last

By Zachary Jason

Photography by Lee Pellegrini

ON THE COVER: Tina LaRitz '19, during historian Mark O'Connor's final morning seminar of "Western Cultural Tradition," on May 4.

Photograph by Lee Pellegrini

2 Letters

4 Linden Lane

Boston's trash as history's treasure • A whiteboard with an answer to everything • Robert Ellsberg plans his STM course on friend and teacher Dorothy Day • POLI2360—Rights in Conflict • Giving international visitors a lawyer's-eye view • Tennis, anyone? A swim, a run, or climb?

40 End Notes

One hundred years on, rewinding the voices of alumni veterans • Notes Towards a Diorama of the Violence • The undergraduate thesis

46 Class Notes

76 Inquiring Minds

A Lynch School program takes up one child at a time

77 Works & Days

Golf adjudicator Christine Beauchamp NC'73



bc.edu/bcm

GET THE FULL STORY, AT BCM ONLINE:

Read Post-it questions and responses from O'Neill Library's Answer Wall (pg. 9). • Order *The Ends of the World: Volcanic Apocalypses, Lethal Oceans, and Our Quest to Understand Earth's Past Mass Extinctions*, by Peter Brannen '06 (pg. 26) at a discount from the Boston College Bookstore. • Read 539 undergraduate theses, available through University Libraries (pg. 45).

ALSO:

• READER'S LIST: Books by alumni, faculty, and staff

EDITOR

Ben Birnbaum

DEPUTY EDITOR

Anna Marie Murphy

SENIOR EDITOR

Thomas Cooper

ART DIRECTOR

Keith Ake

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

Gary Wayne Gilbert

SENIOR PHOTOGRAPHER

Lee Pellegrini

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Zachary Jason '11

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

Seth Meehan, Ph.D.'14

CONTRIBUTING WRITER

William Bole

BCM ONLINE PRODUCERS

Ravi Jain, Miles Benson

BUSINESS MANAGER

Tatiana Flis

Readers, please send address changes to:

Development Information Services
Cadigan Alumni Center, 140 Commonwealth Ave.
Chestnut Hill, MA 02467
(617) 552-3440, Fax: (617) 552-0077
bc.edu/bcm/address/

Please send editorial correspondence to:

Boston College Magazine
140 Commonwealth Ave.
Chestnut Hill, MA 02467
bcm@bc.edu

Boston College Magazine

is published quarterly (Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall) by Boston College, with editorial offices at the Office of University Communications, (617) 552-4820, Fax: (617) 552-2441

ISSN 0885-2049

Periodicals postage paid at Boston, MA, and additional mailing offices.

Postmaster: Send address corrections to

Boston College Magazine
Development Information Services
Cadigan Alumni Center, 140 Commonwealth Ave.
Chestnut Hill, MA 02467

Copyright 2017 Trustees of Boston College.

Printed in U.S.A. All publications rights reserved.

BCM is distributed free to alumni, faculty, staff, donors, and parents of undergraduates. It is also available by paid subscription at the rate of \$20 for four issues. Please send check payable to Boston College Magazine to:
Subscriptions/BCM, 140 Commonwealth Ave.
Chestnut Hill, MA 02467

Please direct Class Notes queries to:

Class Notes editor
Cadigan Alumni Center
140 Commonwealth Ave.
Chestnut Hill, MA 02467
email: classnotes@bc.edu
phone: (617) 552-4700

SECURING THE FUTURE

Re "Battle Plans," by David Levin (Spring 2017): Authorities predict that by 2020 there will be a shortfall of more than 1.5 million cybersecurity experts to help our country and enterprises defend against cyberattacks. Kevin Powers, director of the Woods College of Advancing Studies' master's program in cybersecurity policy and governance, and his team are setting the pace in cybersecurity education and keeping Boston College at the forefront of this increasingly important discipline.

It was an honor to share my experience at the Boston Conference on Cyber Security and to know that the University continues to innovate and lead.

Diana Kelley '87
Rye, New Hampshire

The author is the global executive security advisor for IBM.

THE NATURAL

Re "Remembering Fr. Monan—Life, Legacy, and Spirit" (Spring 2017): In the late 1970s there was an informal summer softball league on campus after work. I played for the School of Management. Sometimes teams would be short-handed. One evening I found myself at Shea Field playing second base on the President's Office team against the biology department. Fr. Monan was playing shortstop. He was quick, a natural athlete. We batted in order by position. First time up I hit a single and was standing on first when Fr. Monan came to bat. People on our team started cheering for him, "Come on, Father. Get a hit." I am not sure that the left fielder, who looked like a graduate student, knew who Fr. Monan was beyond that he was a priest. Father took a couple of pitches. After each pitch the left fielder walked in a few steps until he was halfway to the shortstop. I could see Father starting at him. The next pitch, Father walloped the ball way over the fielder's head.

In my memory I have crossed home plate and have turned to greet Fr. Monan,

with the ball still heading towards the football stadium.

James Gips
Boston College

The author is the John R. and Pamela Egan Professor of Computer Science at the Carroll School of Management.

Fr. Monan was not just an excellent administrator. He was a true friend and a true priest. Sometimes when my phone rang, he would be calling about a big gift, or a new wing for our building. But equally often, Fr. Monan would be calling because he was concerned about someone. It would be, "Dan, there is a lovely person in dining services who is worried because she might lose her house. Is there something you can do to help?" Or, "I am very concerned about someone who is working in buildings and grounds and has gotten into a scrape about a medical bill. He is worried sick. Can you help?"

Fr. Monan cared about the spiritual well-being of everyone within the Boston College community. It was this quality, more than anything else, that set him head and shoulders above all the other academic leaders in America.

Daniel R. Coquillette
Boston College

The author is the J. Donald Monan, SJ, University Professor at Boston College Law School.

In 1982, Boston College had almost no interaction with the Brighton and Newton communities, but Fr. Monan and executive vice president Frank Campanella realized that many capital projects—a new football stadium, dormitories, a library—were needed to ensure that the University could compete in attracting quality students and faculty.

I was appointed the first director of community affairs in 1983 and worked directly with Fr. Monan. Every few days he would be briefed on more than 200

(often spirited) meetings we conducted with neighbors, local officials, regulators, and the news media. The pushback on our plans was hefty.

At one key turning point, dozens of Newton neighbors demanded that their association president meet with JDM. He agreed, and that neighbor, well intentioned but argumentative, arrived for an 8:00 p.m. meeting at Fr. Monan's office. After half an hour of banter, the neighbor was adamant. "Fr. Monan, I'm sorry to say this, but we'll hit you with a major lawsuit and drag this out for so long that your head will be spinning." Fr. Monan, hands folded, leaned forward. "Not a problem," he said. "I have a law school down the street that's one of the best in the nation. We have so many accomplished lawyers who will work pro bono to ensure their alma mater—one that you knew was here when you purchased your home—will thrive." I returned to work the next day with a reminder that the spiritual and academic prowess of Fr. Monan was balanced by business acumen and personal resolve.

*Laurence Barton '78
Cocoa Beach, Florida*

The author is the Distinguished Professor of Crisis Management and Public Safety at the University of Central Florida.

I had the privilege of working for Fr. Monan for many years and continuing our friendship subsequently, and I feel extremely fortunate to have witnessed so closely this truly singular (a word this master of expression used sparingly) person and leader. His examples of dignity, integrity, thoughtful intelligence, authenticity, strength, and compassion remain especially relevant in these troubling times, and will always echo and serve as reassurance in my own life.

*Bronwyn R. Lamont '88
Wayland, Massachusetts*

The author was an administrative secretary to the University President (1985–1996) and senior administrative assistant to the Chancellor (1996–2007).

In several of my interactions with Fr. Monan, he reminded me that if it were not for my uncle, Francis C. Mackin, SJ,

he most likely never would have had the pleasure of serving the Boston College community.

Fr. Mackin, who was the provost at Fordham University at the time, had been impressed with Fr. Monan when he interviewed him for the presidency at Fordham. When the circumstances at Boston College called for a change in leadership, my uncle contacted Fr. Monan, who was on a golf trip in Canada, and flew to Montreal to meet with him. Not long thereafter, Fr. Monan became the 24th president of Boston College.

*Jane Mackin Norris '74
Westwood, Massachusetts*

In an otherwise worthy issue in tribute to Fr. Monan, we find this opening salvo, as it were, invoking the year Fr. Monan took office: "It was the fall of 1972, and Boston College was an institution shaken by financial shortfalls, fractious students, and alumni angry at an administration and faculty that, in their view, had surrendered to the kids without firing a shot."

I was a Boston College freshman in the spring of 1970 when real shots were fired, to fatal effect, at students at Jackson State and Kent State universities. Is this what the nameless alumni wanted—shots to be fired?

And what exactly has been surrendered in those years? Do you mean black students' successful fight to be included in the curriculum? Women admitted to all University schools? Open dialogue for the first time at a Catholic university about reproductive choice and gay rights? Professor Mary Daly taking on the all-male theology biz and winning tenure? The student strike against a sudden 33 percent tuition increase? Campus activism against the Vietnam War?

That's the Boston College I remember, led by the still-revered W. Seavey Joyce, SJ, and it's where I learned that the metaphors we wield matter.

*Dan Bellm '73
Berkeley, California*

By the mid-1980s Fr. Monan had transformed a school on the brink of collapse into a financially stable and confident university aspiring to the top ranks of American higher education. Then came

word that the Vatican, with the strong support of Cardinal Law of Boston, was seriously considering a proposal to examine and license faculty members in the theology departments of Catholic schools, with the implication that if schools did not comply they should not describe themselves as "Catholic."

This would be a severe blow, not just to theology but to all departments at Boston College, as faculty recruits would wonder whether they could exercise academic freedom at a Catholic university. At Boston College this fear had been largely put to rest by Monan's articulation, as quoted by James O'Toole in his article, that the "school's wider religious orientation was 'not narrow or restrictive, but generous and open,' and it would continue to be so." That openness now seemed to be under assault. Monan took the lead among presidents of Catholic universities in asserting their independence, even while emphasizing the immense contribution to the Church that could be made by independent universities that recognize, again quoting Monan by way of O'Toole, "the nobility of intellect and faith, and the continuity between them."

*Harold Petersen
Brookline, Massachusetts*

The author is an associate professor emeritus of economics.

I believe that, among many qualities, the Jesuits are wonderful lovers. This belief was formed during my time at Boston College and confirmed 20 years later when I received a personal letter from Fr. Monan. The occasion was David R. Glover Jr.'s death in 1985 in a car accident, followed a week later by the death of my wife, George Anne (Newhouse) Glover, MS'65.

It is not every day we see such examples of outreach from the chief executive of a major institution.

*David R. Glover Sr. '65
Whitefield, New Hampshire*

BCM welcomes letters from readers.

Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and must be signed to be published. Our fax number is (617) 552-2441; our email address is bcm@bc.edu.

Lipden Lane

CONTENTS

6 The people's stuff

Boston's trash as history's treasure

9 Tell me, do

A whiteboard with an answer to everything

10 About sainthood

Robert Ellsberg plans his STM course on friend and teacher Dorothy Day

12 Assigned reading

POLI2360—Rights in Conflict

14 Courtside

Giving international visitors a lawyer's-eye view

16 Tennis, anyone? A swim, a run, or climb?

CAMPUS DIGEST

While in London for a study abroad program, **Mark Kindschuh** '19, a political science major and ROTC cadet, found himself in the middle of the June 4 terrorist attack that killed seven. He provided first aid to a severely wounded victim and was attempting to do more when police ordered him to safety. ✂ Junior Mattia Pizzagalli said he was "pretty much frozen for a few hours" after learning he had received a **Barry M. Goldwater Scholarship**, awarded to the country's most promising students in math, science, and engineering. A biochemistry major, Pizzagalli studies in the lab of associate professor of chemistry Eranthie Weerapana, engaged in her work on cancer and age-related diseases. ✂ On April 24, students from the Connell School of Nursing set up a table outside Gasson Hall and offered passersby instruction in hands-only **CPR** using dummies and a recording of the Bee Gees' 1977 song "Stayin' Alive," which provides a useful tempo for pumping. ✂ On the strength of a pilot program that brought 36 Latin American women religious to the Woods College of Advancing Studies in January for training in leadership and organizational development (and the experience of a snowstorm), **Catholic Extension**, a national organization that supports poor mission dioceses, announced that all women religious in its U.S.-Latin American Sisters Exchange Program will come to the Woods College for similar training. ✂ At this year's **Mudstock**, a beach party-cum-volleyball tournament held on the

last day of classes, 64 co-ed teams of 10 competed in a mud pit constructed on the Mods parking lot. The games were followed by Modstock, a concert, also in the Mods lot, headlined by electronic dance music duo Louis the Child. ✂ Boston College received a \$1 million gift from the Hong Kong-based Victor and William Fung Foundation to establish the **Fung Scholars Program**, which will support students studying at universities in Asia. ✂ With support from the University's Institute for the Liberal Arts, Tom Lombardo '17 and a group of friends resuscitated the undergraduate philosophy journal *Dianoia* after a three-year hiatus. "Undergraduate philosophy," Lombardo noted, "doesn't get a lot of focus." Among the articles: "G.K. Chesterton and the Quest for Heideggerian Authenticity" and "Jimi Hendrix: Creolization and the Re-Imagined Black Authentic." ✂ Sean Martin, a Carroll School of Management faculty member whose research focuses on leadership and organizational culture, was named the inaugural **Mancini Family Sesquicentennial Assistant Professor**. The position is the seventh endowed assistant professorship to be funded. ✂ At the American Collegiate Rowing Association championships in Gainesville, Georgia, the men's freshman eight boat won its division, a **first national title** for the program, and in Philadelphia the men's sevens rugby team made it to the quarterfinal round of the Collegiate Rugby Championship. ✂ Associate professor of history Sylvia Sellers-García was selected as the 2017–18



SOAKING IT IN—Intermittent rain and temperatures in the 50s could not dampen the spirits of 20,000 family members and friends attending the 141st Commencement at Alumni Stadium on May 22. The University conferred 2,232 undergraduate and 1,038 graduate degrees (and distributed some 16,000 ponchos). Honorary degrees were awarded to Amy Guen, MSW'52, an advocate for Boston's Chinese immigrant community; Tiffany Cooper Gueye '00, Ph.D.'07, CEO of BELL (Building Educated Leaders for Life), a nonprofit provider of pre-K-through-8 educational enrichment programs; actor Chris O'Donnell '92; Maryknoll priest Leo B. Shea '60, who has ministered to the poor in Jamaica, Venezuela, and China; and Bob Casey Jr., the senior U.S. senator from Pennsylvania, who delivered the Commencement address.

Central American Visiting Scholar at the David Rockefeller Center for Latin American Studies at Harvard University; she will work on her book *The Woman in the Window: A Tale of Mystery in Several Parts*, an examination of a 19th-century Guatemalan homicide. Her colleague in history assistant professor Yajun Mo received a postdoctoral fellowship from the Henry Luce Foundation/ACLS Program in China Studies. Mo will complete field research in China for a book on the pioneering ethnographic photographer Zhuang Xueben (1909–84). ✖ At the annual **Arts Festival**, Tracey Wigfield '05, Emmy-winning television writer (*30 Rock*), actress (*The Mindy Project*), and producer (*Great News*), received the Arts Council's award for distinguished achievement. ✖ **The Commonwealth Avenue Charity**

Classic, a hockey game between alumni of the Boston University and Boston College men's programs, including ex-Eagles and NHL players Brian Dumoulin '13, Johnny Gaudreau '15, and Mike Mottau '00, raised more than \$64,000 for Compassionate Care ALS and the Travis Roy Foundation. The Terriers won 8–6. ✖ A random survey by the *Heights* just before **finals week** indicated that students preferred exams to writing papers. ✖ Justin Gregorius '18 cofounded (with his brother) **StoryTime**, an app that combines a rentable library of children's ebooks with a video-conferencing capability to allow children and adults who are separated (due to work, say, or military service) to read books together. A history and philosophy major, Gregorius lists *Where the Wild Things Are* and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* as two favor-

ites of his youth. ✖ History professor Heather Cox Richardson and Pulitzer Prize-winning author Ron Suskind have launched **Freak Out and Carry On**, a **podcast** that examines current issues through an historical lens. ✖ Director of Athletics Martin Jarmond has announced the formation of a **Fan Council**. ✖ Sixty-eight staff members were among this year's **diploma recipients**, earning bachelor's and master's degrees in business administration, mental health counseling, and information technology. Employees may attend the University tuition-free. ✖ On May 18, with the temperature in the low 90s, David Kim '17 was obliged to don an ankle-length fur-trimmed coat for the annual **senior class photo** on O'Neill Plaza, having lost a bet, the terms of which were not divulged. —Thomas Cooper



FROM LEFT: Maddie Webster '17, Fleming, Anthony Smith '19, and Becky Reilly '19 pore over a City of Boston archaeological collection.

The people's stuff

By Michael Blanding

Boston's trash as history's treasure

In early October, a student exhibition will open in the history department on the third floor of Stokes Hall depicting the daily life of Boston's 19th- and early-20th-century poor. The starting point for each display will be a single artifact dug by an archaeologist from the site of an urban backyard privy and delivered to the City of Boston's Archaeology Lab. The show's curators are the 13 students who last spring took historian Robin Fleming's course "Making History Public: History Down the Toilet." The class paid its first visit to the lab, located five miles south of

campus at a bend of the Charles River in West Roxbury, on the snowy afternoon of January 31.

In one room of the lab were the intact beams of a 19th-century lime schooner discovered in the mud of the South Boston Seaport last year. Other rooms—humble approximations of the final set for *Raiders of the Lost Ark*—contained shelf after shelf of cardboard boxes. They housed artifacts recovered at the Big Dig (1991–2007) and other construction sites in numbers that have overwhelmed the lab's ability to process them. "I don't even know what is

in most of these boxes," Joe Bagley, City Archaeologist since 2011, told the students. "It's like having a library of books without the covers."

Bagley showed the students through a series of rooms where dozens of clear bags were spread out under fluorescent lights on wooden tables. Each bag held one or more artifacts, brushed clean and labeled with a combination of numbers and letters designating where the contents were found. And each room represented a single site, containing the mixed-up assortment of detritus that had survived there: buttons, dolls' arms, animal bones, egg cups, a jar of French pomade (the Piver brand, "synonymous with . . . refined, original fragrances" since 1774). All had one thing in common: They came out of a privy.

Before the rise of indoor plumbing in the early 20th century, outhouses were a fixture in old Boston neighborhoods. And

without regular municipal trash collection, they often became the terminal repository for all kinds of junk. Outhouses make for “an unbelievably good time capsule,” Bagley told the students crammed among the glass display cases and tables.

It would be the students’ assignment, over the course of the semester, to study pieces of trash in order to gain unmediated knowledge of what life was like for Boston’s early residents. “Artifacts shouldn’t just be the stuff that goes with the story you already have,” Bagley told them. “Hopefully it raises questions about what the written record says.”

Encouraged to take objects out of the bags, the students passed around some bizarre finds—among them, remnants of a chamber pot depicting Benjamin Franklin’s tomb, and a cologne bottle in the shape of the Bunker Hill Monument (dedicated in 1843). However, it was the more pedestrian cups and plates, flower pots, and toys that promised a fuller picture of past times, said Fleming. In such items, “You can see the lives of poor people and women and children,” lives that “don’t always show up in official texts.”

Fleming earned a MacArthur Fellowship in 2013 for her analysis of archaeological finds from fourth- and fifth-century Britain, a time of dramatic change in material culture as Roman rule was collapsing and the Middle Ages were beginning. Her techniques and concepts translate as well to 19th-century Boston. “I wanted to give students an opportunity to think about how to write a history of a people if all they had were their stuff,” Fleming said. Since items dropped into outhouses remain relatively undisturbed, they provide the opportunity to see how possessions changed over time. Dating each layer in an excavation, with an old coin, say, or a type of pottery that was only produced in the 1840s, archaeologists can piece together a timeline of material taste and comfort and access to goods, along with trajectories of economic mobility.

For the course, Fleming and her students focused on two sites in the North End: One was at 2 Unity Court, behind Old North Church. The main building “no longer stands,” said Fleming, “but we know from a newspaper advertising its

sale in the 1830s that it was a three-story brick row house with two rooms on each floor, as well as a cellar and an attic.” The first owners were well-to-do. By around 1860, the occupants were middle class, “but barely.” The other privy belonged to a boarding house that was home to poor newcomers to the city between the 1870s and 1890s. “By that time, the whole North End had become a slum for predominantly Irish immigrants,” said Fleming.

After that first trip to the archaeology lab, the students each chose an object from which to launch their research into primary and secondary historical read-

ings, increasingly casting the net more widely to include related artifacts, with the aim of narrating a particular aspect of the residents’ lives. In many cases, the objects complicated traditional accounts of the period. One student looking at toys, for example, found poor children enjoyed many of the same pastimes as their better-off neighbors—with toy guns and marbles for boys and dolls for girls. “We tell ourselves about poor immigrant children who are worked to death in the factories, but they had their own little lives with joy and play,” said Fleming. Similarly, both poor and middle-class privies yielded shells



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: A mid-19th-century tea bowl, unearthed from the latrine at 2 Unity Court. The head of a ceramic doll, from the same site. Maddie Webster sifts through Unity Court materials—the Boston facility contains more than a million artifacts from 39 excavations.

and coral from the Bahamas, thanks to a home-decorating fad that was as popular with the underclass as it was with the more affluent.

"Looking at these objects you see every aspect of people's lives," said Andrea Wisniewski '18, who focused on a fragment of an ink bottle, putting it together with writing slates, pencils, and other objects to extrapolate information about education in the 1840s and 1850s. The process of material research, she said, made people of the 19th century "more than just footnotes in the census records. The objects make them . . . real."

Bridget Halstead '17 focused on dishware, discovering that a middle-class family at Unity Court kept mismatched brown plates rather than the white porcelain popular in the Victorian period, perhaps due to Yankee parsimony, or perhaps because they did little entertaining, with the neighborhood in decline. "I've had other history classes that looked at political trends," Halstead said. This study "at a smaller scale" allowed her to see "that trends aren't always adopted and people might not always conform to them."

The students will not be able to put the actual objects on display in Stokes Hall. Those will have to remain in the archaeology lab. But the essence of their research will be distilled by means of posters and photographs, along with screens showing 3D representations that can be manipulated by viewers.

Fleming hopes that her students take their interest in the immediacy of material culture to future work in history. "If their next class is on the Vietnam War, I want them to say, 'I'd really like to see the soldiers' mess'," she said. "There is a huge material world that is much bigger than the textual world, and I hope they will remember to draw from it." ■

Michael Blanding is a writer in the Boston area. "History Down the Toilet" is the eighth course in the history department's "Making History Public" series, a collaboration with University Libraries in which students plan, curate, and design an exhibition drawing on archival materials. Past courses include "The European Mapping Tradition from 1600–1860," "Revealing America's History Through Comics," and "Righting Historical Wrongs at the Turn of the Millennium."

Stick around

The women's lacrosse team capped the winningest season (17–7) in the program's 25 years by reaching the championship game of the NCAA Division I tournament. The contest, played on May 28 at Gillette Stadium in Foxborough, Massachusetts, before a crowd of 11,688 (a record for the tournament), represented the Eagles' first-ever trip to the Final Four and the first time in 14 years an unseeded team had reached the championship round. To get there, Boston College eliminated #9 seed Syracuse and #7 University of Southern California, before topping Navy, also unseeded, in the Final Four.

First-seeded Maryland was undefeated going into the final. The Terrapins quickly scored two goals, but Boston College was able to tie the game 5–5 by the half. In the second period, Maryland went up by five. The Eagles rallied repeatedly and closed the deficit to 11–10, but could not gain the lead and ultimately lost 16–13.

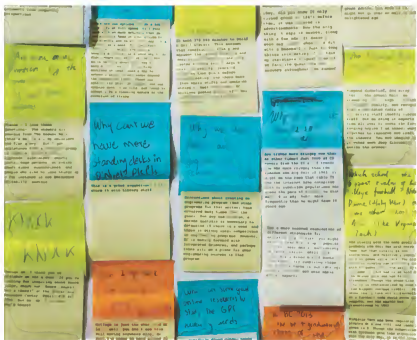
Boston College's 91 goals in the tournament broke the record of 73, set by Northwestern in 2009. Samantha Apuzzo '19, the country's leading scorer, with 80 goals in the season, contributed four in the championship match. She and teammate Kate Weeks '17, who had two goals and an assist, were named to the All-Tournament Team, as was junior Kenzie Kent, who tied the record for points in a championship game, with 10 (five goals and five assists). Kent, who missed the first 12 games of the lacrosse season while playing as a forward on the women's ice hockey team (nationally ranked at #3), also set the tournament record for points with 37, including 21 goals and 16 assists. She was named the tournament's Most Outstanding Player, the first recipient from a team that did not win the championship. Following the season, head coach Acacia Walker was voted National Coach of the Year by the Division I Intercollegiate Women's Lacrosse Coaches Association. Kent was named the ACC's top female athlete.

On the year, the Eagles notched program records for goals (373) and draw controls (369). With 19 members of the 25-woman roster returning next season, coach Walker said, "I think we're in good hands. . . . I'm looking forward to the future."

—Thomas Cooper



In the final against Maryland, Kent controls the ball near the goal.



Detail from the Answer Wall on July 18, 2017.

Tell me, do

By Christopher Amenta

A whiteboard with an answer to everything

On February 2, 2017, students entering through the main doors of O'Neill Library might have noticed, hanging on a wall to their right near the stairs, a 2-x-3-foot whiteboard.

"Answer Wall," a computer-generated sign above the board explained. "Ask your questions on a Post-it. The wall will answer," and then, in finer print, "Good fences make good neighbors; the best walls bring people together. This wall welcomes questions of all kinds."

A stub of a pencil rested in a tray at the base. On a shelf nearby, a Post-it feathered from a plastic dispenser, waiting to be plucked.

The first questions to appear on the board were practical, almost timid, in tone: *I want to check out a book from the library but it says they don't have it. Can I get it from a different library without going in*

person? And *How much will it snow between 9-11 am!*

But then, encouraged maybe by the responses that were typed on yellow Post-its addressed to "Dear, dear human(s)" and signed "A. Wall," students, as they tend to do, began to question everything.

They pondered the peculiar (*Is it cran or cray-on? Is a hot dog a sandwich?*), the political (*How can we smash the patriarchy? Can I openly express support for Trump?*), matters of the heart (*Do you think she'll ever love me back?*), and their own anxieties (*Who will hire me? How can I overcome stage fright?*).

They asked questions that could be answered only with other questions (*What is the air speed velocity of an unladen swallow?* Answer Wall: *African or European?*). They were serious (*How should I come out to my parents? How can I find my true pas-*

sion?), curious (*How did pugs get squished faces?*), playful (*Will Mario and Princess Peach eventually be together?*), timely (*How should I spend my last few weeks as a senior at BC?*), and timeless (*What if I don't know what I don't know? What do we owe to each other?*). In one semester, students asked more than 300 questions.

They asked questions that weren't really questions, such as *How much would it cost to have air conditioning installed in Walsh?* #please and 不要回答, 不要回答, 不要回答 (Do not answer, Do not answer, Do not answer, in Chinese. Answer Wall: *I will not answer. I will not answer. I will not answer*). Students made statements (*We love you Answer Wall*) and wondered, *How many collective people-hours go into answering these questions? Does the library have a special team to do it?* (Answer Wall: *Yes, I have a cadre of dedicated library helpers who assist me in broadcasting my answers to all your wonderful questions*.)

Every question received an answer. What is? one student asked, and the Wall responded, *Consider the Ship of Theseus*, and described the first-century paradox: If, over time, a boat is restored by replacing every plank, every rope, and every bit of hardware, piece by piece, is it still the same boat? The Wall dispensed its own wisdom (Q: *Will I ever find love?* A: *Have friends, be your weird self, do what you enjoy, and when someone makes your heart race, get to know them, and let them get to know you*), and it referred students to the University's Office of Residential Life, Office of International Students and Scholars, and Career Center. It encouraged students to read Plato's *Symposium*, Dickens's *Great Expectations*, *The Hate U Give* by Angie Thomas, Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, and other works, which, in April, were compiled into a lobby display titled "Answer Wall Recommended Reading."

At the start of the summer, a new typed message appeared: "I'm taking it easy," it read, "going on rambles . . . with some side visits to seawalls." A. Wall has responded to more than 30 questions since. ■

Christopher Amenta, a Boston writer, wishes to thank O'Neill staff members Steven Runge and Carl Spina for their insights on the experiences of A. Wall. The full archive may be accessed at bc.edu/answerwall.



Day, on a Catholic Worker farm in Tivoli, New York, in 1968.

About sainthood

By James Parker

Robert Ellsberg plans his STM course on friend and teacher Dorothy Day

When Pope Francis addressed the U.S. Congress in September 2015, the Holy Father appeared to be at something of a low ebb, physically speaking—jowly and jetlagged-looking, and delivering his remarks in an English that was slow and hesitant. Francis's speech, however, contained at least one moment of reverberative moral energy. It came when he listed four "great Americans": Abraham Lincoln, Martin Luther King Jr., Thomas Merton, and Dorothy Day. The first two, everyone knew who they were; the third,

the monk Thomas Merton, was an icon of 20th-century mysticism. But who was Dorothy Day? In the speech's aftermath Google spiked with Day-related queries, and the mainstreaming of this most un-mainstream Catholic character was suddenly and visibly accelerated.

Born in Brooklyn in 1897, Day is best known as the tireless and charismatic founder/mother of the Catholic Worker Movement, a loose chain of communities, both urban and agrarian, dedicated to the Works of Mercy in their most practical and

instrumental aspect, which is the provision of welcome for society's least desirable members: its poor, its homeless, its condemned, its sick and outcast. Her journey into faith had been, like everything else she did, *sui generis*. As an activist journalist in the radical atmosphere of New York's pre-Depression Lower East Side, she had rubbed shoulders with Communists, anarchists, and bohemian literati (Eugene O'Neill was a close friend and drinking buddy), but it wasn't until she converted to Catholicism in the late 1920s that her sense of mission became fully focused. Day was also, for more than 40 years, the editor of the *Catholic Worker* newspaper, in which she skillfully articulated much of the thinking (and feeling) behind the movement's street-level ministries and political activities. "In her life, for much of the time she was a rather marginal figure," said Robert Ellsberg, interviewed in mid-June by phone from his home in Ossining,

New York. "But Dorothy Day embodied the kind of vision of the Church that Pope Francis is advocating for. And in terms of her contribution to Catholic social teaching, especially on the theme of nonviolence and peacemaking, she would simply have to be one of the most important figures in the history of the Church."

At the time of the interview, Ellsberg—who as a young man was managing editor of the *Catholic Worker* for two years, working closely with Day, and has since edited several posthumous collections of her writing—was in the middle of planning the four-day course "Dorothy Day: A Revolution from the Heart" that he taught in mid-July at the School of Theology and Ministry. "Since Pope Francis mentioned her in his address before Congress there's been an increased focus on her life and thought," he said, "so this'll be an opportunity to open that up a lot more. I want to talk about her in relation to other traditions of spirituality, what were some of the resources that she drew on, in literature and politics too, and what were some of the historical challenges that she responded to."

Day herself was famously unwilling to be called a saint: It limited her agency and it quarantined the Gospel. "She felt that was a way of objectifying her," said Ellsberg, "of putting her on a pedestal and taking the rest of us off the hook. As in, we don't have to worry about her after we've honored her." Honor now inevitably comes her way, however. The cause for Day's canonization was opened 20 years after her death when, in 2000, John Paul II made her a Servant of God. Ellsberg—who got to know the mortal and un-beatified Day in the last five years of her life—has lectured and written eloquently in support of this cause, which he regards as vital for the health of the Church. "Well, ideally that's the role of the saints. [Canonization] is not about advancing the saint up the celestial ladder. I regard it more as a sort of gift that the Church gives itself, as we keep enriching and enlarging the storehouse of spiritual and moral references that help us understand how to relate the message of Jesus to our time, both our personal circumstances and our historical circumstances."

Historical circumstances, and the

breaking into history of the Gospel, are of particular importance when we talk about Dorothy Day. There was no cloudiness, no flavor of celestial apartness, to this saint-in-waiting: Her witness, her special presence, was on the frontline. Always protesting injustice, always organizing, regularly arrested, Day aligned herself instinctively with the victim. "Charity has a political dimension," said Ellsberg, "when it's a matter of not just feeding one person but of overcoming the social structures that allow there to be hunger in the first place, in the midst of such plenty. That was an insight that Dorothy had early in her life, and an intuition that it called for a new model of holiness that wasn't really available in the stories of saints that she'd read. So many had poured out their lives for the poor, but as she said: 'Where were the saints to change the social order, not just to minister to the slaves but to do away with slavery?' At the time that prompted her to turn away from Christianity but later on, after her conversion, it really was the center of her vocation. She invented a way of holiness that combined those things, and she was way ahead of her time."

Ellsberg said he planned to teach a course that would explore the political climate, the early 20th-century turbulence—suffragism, pacifism, the labor movement—that was such a part of Day's

Day herself was famously unwilling to be called a saint: It limited her agency and it quarantined the Gospel. Honor now inevitably comes her way, however.

formation, and also the literature that informed and animated her program: the novels by Dickens and Dostoyevsky that functioned for her as a kind of secondary Gospel. If the question is: How did she do it? Then the answer must be: by the mystery of the Holy Spirit. But there are traceable sources for her extraordinary energy and effectiveness, and also, persistently, one very recognizable moral quality: courage. "Remember that she undertook all this as a lay person," said Ellsberg. "So often,

in the examples of the saints, when people get really serious about God that means they have to become a nun or a priest or they found a religious order. Dorothy Day starts this newspaper and founds this lay apostolic movement, and she negotiates all that in friendliness with the authorities but without asking for permission. People didn't take vows at the Catholic Worker [communities], they came and they left, but she stayed for all those years, as faithful as any nun to her vocation, facing all sorts of obstacles and ordeals. A lay woman. . . . And the Church has so much need of models and examples that recognize female leadership, and initiative, and creativity, and prophetic audacity."

Ellsberg, who is editor-in-chief and publisher of Orbis Books, has been thinking and writing about Dorothy Day, engaged in what he calls the "transmission" of her teaching, for 30 years. Her appointing him—anointing him—managing editor of the *Catholic Worker* when he was only 21 was, he says, transformative. "I could never have imagined, when I first met her, that this experience would shape my whole life. But when somebody like that sees something in you. . . . So I'm doing my best to say it back. Or pay it forward." What, I wonder, is his relationship with her like now? "That's an interesting question. She's in my heart, and my dreams. I have dreams about Dorothy. I dreamed that I was in a carriage with her in a town square, and there were these bishops or cardinals or something, wearing great big mitres, and we were riding around in this carriage and they were shouting out questions to her, questions that, you know, didn't seem to be getting to the heart of things. 'What is your relation to eternity?'" Something like that. And Dorothy began to tell some sort of prosaic story, the way she would, that wasn't really a direct answer to an abstract question like that. And after she spoke I said 'If I may . . . ' and I began to interpret what she'd said, and she just looked at me with this kind of astonished look and said 'Oh, you can tell them what they want to know.' ■

James Parker is a contributing editor at the *Atlantic*. He will be a visiting professor at Boston College in 2017-18, teaching "Writing Outside Lives" this fall in the American studies journalism program.

Assigned reading

COURSE: POLI2360—Rights in Conflict

By Kay Lehman Schlozman

COURSE DESCRIPTION

In this seminar we examine a series of controversies in which at least one, and usually more than one, side makes a claim on the basis of rights, asking who in America enjoys what rights and what difference that makes for American politics. I've taught the course for 20 years. On each first day I make the prediction that, by semester's end, an issue we study (from wheelchair access to school prayer) will appear on the front page of a major newspaper. We consider three categories of rights, drawn from British sociologist T.H. Marshall's writing on citizenship: *civil rights*, which are essential to capitalism and include liberty of the person, freedom of expression, the right to own property and conclude contracts, and the right to justice; *political rights*, which are essential to democracy and include participation in the exercise of political power by voting or running for office; and *social rights*, which ensure to all members of the community the opportunity for a secure and civilized life and a minimum standard of economic well-being. The seminar requires no final examination, only a long final paper on a subject of the student's choosing. This year's topics included the burkini controversy in France, student free speech on U.S. college campuses, and the abridgement of rights under the current Turkish regime. The reading load is roughly a book a week. After discussions with my students and teaching fellows, I've winnowed the list here to six.

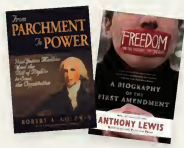
REQUIRED BOOKS

From Parchment to Power: How James Madison Used the Bill of Rights to Save the Constitution (1997) by Robert A. Goldwin

James Madison initially opposed attaching a bill of rights to the Constitution, deeming a bill of rights unnecessary and ineffectual when the governing framework is well structured. Then, on June 8, 1789, weeks

into the first session of the new Congress, he introduced a set of amendments that eventually became the Bill of Rights. Why the change of heart? With evidence of divided public opinion about the Constitution and calls for a second convention to consider its "defects," Madison recognized the necessity of shoring up political support for the new government. He sought to seize the initiative from its opponents, the Anti-Federalists, who com-

plained that the government established by the Constitution was both insufficiently limited, thus jeopardizing individual rights, and insufficiently federal, giving too much power to the national government at the expense of the states. All Madison's suggested amendments, which focused on such "great and essential rights" as freedom of assembly and the press and the right to a jury trial, addressed the first concern, and none the second. According to the late Robert Goldwin, constitutional scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, Madison's "primary objective was to keep the Constitution intact." Once the Federalists in Congress realized that his proposals would not change a word of the existing Constitution, and their Anti-Federalist antagonists saw that they would not get much of what they wanted, the two sides did a flip-flop. Federalists supported, and Anti-Federalists opposed, the Bill of Rights.



Freedom for the Thought that We Hate: A Biography of the First Amendment (2007) by Anthony Lewis

The late Pulitzer Prize-winning New York Times journalist Anthony Lewis begins this brief book by noting that the First Amendment's robust protections of free speech and press are quite recent. Less than a century ago, the First Amendment—which opens with the words "Congress shall make no law . . ."—had not yet been interpreted to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional. Nor had it been applied beyond the federal government to state governments. The latter circumstance changed only in 1925 when one Benjamin Gitlow appealed his New York conviction for distributing a Socialist Party manifesto. Gitlow lost, but for the first time a majority on the Supreme Court used the post-Civil War Fourteenth

Amendment ("No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges . . . of citizens of the United States") to apply the free-speech clause of the First Amendment to the states. A theme of "Rights in Conflict" is that politics is rarely about the tradeoff between the good and the bad and often about the tradeoff between the good and the good. Lewis, a civil libertarian, makes clear that conflicts over free speech and press always involve "balancing interests." The right to say or write what we please must be weighed against competing claims—of, for example, national security, the protection of privacy, and the right not to be subjected to false criticism, exposed to obscenity, or vilified by hate speech.

The Politics of Gun Control (sixth edition, 2014) by Robert J. Spitzer

Citing its evenhanded discussion of so many aspects of a contentious contemporary issue, students in the seminar persuaded me to include this analysis of gun politics by political scientist Robert Spitzer of the State University of New York at Cortland even though it is more "textbooky" than other entries on this list. Among the topics covered are America's gun culture; the history of federal gun policy; the evolving constitutional status of the right to bear arms; the uniquely high levels of both gun ownership and gun violence in the United States as compared to other developed nations; and the National Rifle Association's transformation into a political powerhouse from a group formed in 1871 to improve marksmanship.

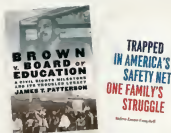
The Right to Vote: The Contested History of Democracy in the United States (revised edition, 2009) by Alexander Keyssar

Harvard University historian Alexander Keyssar lays out the familiar story of the

expansion of our most fundamental political right: "Most propertyless white men were enfranchised during the first half of the 19th century; then came African Americans [1870]; then women [1920]; then African Americans again [1965]; and finally, even 18-year-olds [1971]." He then proceeds to challenge this account. The march of enfranchisement, he writes, has been punctuated by periods of backsliding, often animated by class tensions, which were, in turn, related to racial and ethnic tensions and to immigration, a pattern being replicated in our own era. At the beginning of World War I, "depending on the state or city," he notes, citizens could be prevented from voting if they were indigents, lumbermen, or illiterate. Keyssar demonstrates the link between expansions of the electorate and the demands of wartime, it being easier to recruit an enfranchised citizenry to military service and only fair to allow those who serve to vote. Expansions of the electorate have occurred often in the wake of war: for example, women after World War I; naturalized citizens of Chinese, Filipino, Korean, and Japanese extraction in the late 1940s; and fledgling adults deemed old enough to fight but too young to vote, during the Vietnam conflict.

Brown v. Board of Education: A Civil Rights Milestone and Its Troubled Legacy (2001) by James T. Patterson

Although enjoying no federal constitutional protection, the right to an education is essential to the social rights discussed by T.H. Marshall. James Patterson, history professor emeritus at Brown University, begins with the unequal educational opportunity in the segregated schools of the Jim Crow South and the Supreme Court's decision in *Brown*, perhaps the most important of the 20th century, that sought to end school segregation. Two-thirds of Patterson's account focuses on what happened thereafter: implacable Southern resistance to desegregation; efforts to end de facto segregation of schools in the North, especially through busing; and, more recently, ambivalence among African-Americans about school integration as a solution to race-based educational inequalities. Patterson's open-

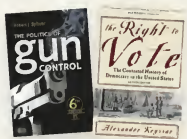


ended conclusion makes clear that, as with so many of the controversies considered in "Rights in Conflict," this history remains unfinished.

Trapped in America's Safety Net: One Family's Struggle (2014) by Andrea Louise Campbell

A favorite among students and teaching fellows, this book by MIT political scientist Andrea Campbell begins with tragedy, the auto accident that left her sister-in-law, Marcella, a quadriplegic in need of round-the-clock care. Because Marcella's husband, Dave, holds a job without medical benefits, Marcella was forced onto Medi-Cal, California's Medicaid program for the poor. To qualify, the couple had to spend down their assets and consign themselves to permanent poverty. Campbell interweaves Marcella and Dave's personal story with more general lessons about the American welfare state, illustrating how inadequately it protects hard-working people, especially when compared to other affluent democracies. One of her themes is the variation in policies across states, "how different Dave and Marcella's experience would have been" outside California. The state's policies are in some respects unusually generous: Marcella qualifies for personal care assistance, and California's paid family leave policy permitted Dave time to attend to his family after the accident. Still, had they lived in any of 24 other states, Dave and Marcella could have preserved their assets. "It all depends on where you live," says Campbell, which "raises questions about the very nature of citizenship in the United States."

Kay Lehman Schlozman is the J. Joseph Moakley Professor of Political Science at Boston College.





Judge Donnelly, first justice of Brighton District Court, asks institute participants to Google a case.

Courtside

By Zachary Jason

Giving international visitors a lawyer's-eye view

In 2008–09, law professor Judith McMorrow taught U.S. law to law students at Beijing's Renmin University on a Fulbright grant. She was so struck by their fascination with her topic that she developed a summer program at Boston College Law School for aspiring lawyers from abroad. Created with support from Renmin and now called Foundations of U.S. Law and Practice, the three-week institute introduces the U.S. approach to law to prospective—and practicing—international lawyers, while broadening the University's relationships with law schools

around the world. The program's 17 faculty, all from the Law School, provide, through lectures and group activities, what amounts to a "greatest hits" distillation of the first-year law curriculum. In return, several of them say, the questions from attendees make them "think harder" about the assumptions of their discipline.

The eighth annual institute opened on July 16, with 18 attendees arriving at Logan Airport—13 from China and one apiece from Brazil, Chile, France, Spain, and Venezuela. Five were undergraduates, interested in improving their English skills

and their understanding of the law (in all the sending countries, law is an undergraduate, as opposed to post-graduate, course of study). Ten others were lawyers, including five who were soon to begin Boston College's year-long master of law (LLM) program, which draws most of its dozen or so students from overseas legal communities for advanced study in business, environmental, human rights, intellectual property, or tax law. The remaining three attendees were law faculty, primarily interested in observing the American learn-by-doing approach to legal education.

Whatever their origins, the attendees shared one experience: They (like more than half the world) live under *civil law*, with the legislature as the supreme legal authority. Civil law is "like one big tree, and lawyers just find the branch that applies to their case," E. Joan Blum, associate professor of legal reasoning and the institute's current director, told the group

at orientation. Under *common law* (or case law), which pertains in the United States and in British Commonwealth countries, judges' decisions also provide precedence and sources of law. "America is more like a garden, where lawyers harvest an organic mixture" with which to nourish arguments, Blum continued. But today the legal profession has grown "globalized." Cases are reported on the internet, and international lawyers have begun to cite the cases and not just the underlying statutes, in their arguments. Attendees hope that by studying America's centuries-old common-law tradition they will gain an advantage in their legal careers.

For the seven men and 11 women who participated this summer, most days started at 9:00 A.M. in Stokes Hall and ran till 3:00. They began with a 90-minute lecture, as various host faculty addressed 18 topics over the three weeks, ranging from eminent domain to torts. Associate clinical professor Sharon Beckman's presentation on wrongful conviction was a conversation between herself and Dennis Maher, who was cleared of rape charges in 2003 after serving 19 years in prison.

Founders Professor of Law Mary Sarah Bider introduced the U.S. Constitution, "a document so embedded in our national story," she told the group, "that in some ways it is our national story." Bider, whose book *Madison's Hand: Revising the Constitutional Convention* received the 2016 Bancroft Prize, tackled what she called "the fundamental question today . . . how do we operate with a very old constitution written by a very different group of people?"

Bider played Constitution-themed songs from *Schoolhouse Rock!* and *Hamilton* and asked if any attendee's home country had a song about its constitution. She met blank stares. "Music in class seems so strange to me," Zhang Qiuqiang, a law professor at China's Zhongyuan University of Technology, told me. She sat in the back corner of most sessions, to observe both professor and students. "But everyone looked so engaged, even dancing. I'll have to try it in my lesson."

The next day, it was Professor Ingrid Hillinger's moment to explain how "contract law reflects American capitalism." She offered an illustration: A farmer agrees to sell wheat to a bakery at \$200 a

bushel. If the farmer fails to provide it, but the bakery buys the grain for only \$100 a bushel from another source, the farmer owes no damages.

"This is very hard to understand," a male undergraduate from Renmin blurted from the back of the classroom. "In China our first thought is to make it just."

"Aha, notice that in an hour I haven't mentioned justice or fairness once," said Hillinger. "Contract law is designed to drive the marketplace."

In small discussion groups, attendees daily debated and analyzed judges' reasoning in state and Supreme Court cases, or took part in their own trial exercises. One day, Beckman created a mock scenario for oral argument: "Too many of you enrolled in the program. One of you must go home." In pairs, the group interviewed each other. Then each took a turn arguing why his or her client deserved to stay.

Li Tianran, a pony-tailed undergraduate from Renmin, maintained that the "outgoing European passion" of her 19-year-old Spanish client, Juan Gonzalez, would "help us shy Chinese students." Beckman offered the attendees the same advice she gives American law students in her criminal justice clinic: "The human brain remembers the beginnings and endings of arguments more than the middle"; don't embellish; focus less on your clients' desires, more on what society gains or loses.

ON THE MORNING OF JULY 21, THE attendees gathered before the Corinthian-columned entrance to the Brighton District Court, a mile and a half northeast of Gasson Hall, to witness U.S. law—civil, as well as criminal—in action. As they shuffled in, a defendant in his 30s wearing a black T-shirt heralding the heavy-metal band Pantera set off the metal detector. He looked at the group standing near the door and shrugged nonchalantly. "Forgot I had my knife on me," he said.

Before they stepped into his courtroom, Hon. David T. Donnelly '78, JD'81, in a blue suit and tie, led the group into a side room and described for them the many stages in the judicial process, noting that 90 percent of all cases are resolved before trial. He told the group he often urges prosecutors and defendants "to go outside and chat, find out how many kids

each of you have. In our humanness is where we do things right."

When he turned to the subject of juries, hands shot up. All the attendees hailed from countries with more limited jury systems (China appoints "people's assessors," who serve for five years) or no juries at all. *Why entrust a citizen with the law?* asked a male Chinese lawyer. Donnelly: "You have the right to have people who are similarly situated in life be part of the decision-making process of your life."

The group then entered the courtroom, joining victims, plaintiffs, the accused, and their families on the wooden pews. Over the next hour, the attendees scribbled notes and occasionally whispered as legal matters played out before them: a trial date set for a liquor-store robbery; a restraining order vacated; two instances of dropped domestic violence charges (because the victims didn't appear). One man was indicted for damaging trees belonging to the city.

At various points, Donnelly, now in his black robe, paused the action, standing to explain the proceedings to the international visitors. When an assistant district attorney (ADA) and public defender approached the bench, he called out, "There's a microphone right next to me. This is all on the record. We just sidebar when we're discussing something the entire courtroom doesn't need to hear." When a man stood next to a defendant and muttered to her in Spanish, Donnelly said, "We are a bilingual society, and defendants have a right to a translator." Even the defendants, who mostly drooped their heads, looked up during Donnelly's expositions.

When the session ended, Donnelly and ADA Margaret Hegarty '91 escorted the Boston College group to an empty trial room across the hall and took questions. *What surprise strategies can you take as a prosecutor?* asked Ma Xiaotian, a 22-year-old lawyer in eastern China. "Surprises are usually for the movies," said Hegarty. "All evidence should be discussed . . . before any hearing." *What about sentencing drug abusers?* asked Bianca Difini, a federal court clerk in Brazil. Donnelly fielded that one: "You should consider the individual." He said he may reduce the hours of community service required for every month of sobriety. "In America, we allow for creativity. We like wiggly room." ■

TENNIS, ANYONE? A SWIM, A RUN, OR CLIMB?



BEGINNING IN LATE MAY, a metro-nomic clang rang across campus as pile drivers sank some 650 concrete-filled steel columns up to 30 feet deep in search of bedrock beneath what was once the site of Edmond's Hall (1975–2016) and, before that, a reservoir. These footings will provide the underpinnings for the University's new four-story, 244,000-square-foot recreation facility, to be named in recognition of a \$50 million *Light the World* campaign gift from Trustee Associate Margot C. Connell.

Stretching 355 feet along St. Thomas More Drive, with a 260-foot-long ell extending off the south end toward Yawkey Center, the gabled granite- and brick-clad structure will have more than double the square footage of the 45-year-old William J. Flynn Recreation Complex and will introduce features such as a wheelchair-accessible pool, climbing and bouldering walls, and a golf simulation room.

The swimming center, on the first floor of the ell (architect's image above,

far right), will contain a 10-lane competition pool and a smaller pool for lessons and laps. Open to the second floor, the natatorium will be overlooked by a lounge area (indoor rendering, near right) and two glass-walled fitness rooms.

The first floor will also feature a 107-x-129-foot multi-activity court with a synthetic rubber floor to accommodate activities from basketball (two courts are outlined) to soccer (indents in the walls will serve as goals) to volleyball and ultimate Frisbee. This room will be open to the floor above to allow soaring goal kicks and lofty three-pointers and to provide a distraction for those churning away on fitness machines that will surround the second-floor opening. Fitness equipment (weights, cardio) and dedicated rooms for yoga and meditation, aerobics, spinning, and stretching will be located throughout the upper three floors. Abundant natural light and views over the campus and the Chestnut Hill Reservoir will give the interior of the facility an "open, airy feel,"

according to Brad McCord, senior project manager at CannonDesign, the Boston-based architectural firm commissioned for the building.

The third floor will be dedicated largely to two spaces—one a 105-x-255-foot maple-floored gymnasium in the ell containing four basketball courts (see far right) plus painted outlines for fencing, volleyball, and badminton; and another in the north end of the building housing three tennis courts. An artificial turf ramp will run between this floor and a thousand-foot-long jogging track on the fourth floor; the track will follow the outline of the building, overlooking both the tennis and gym spaces. The fourth floor will also contain two glass-backed courts for squash and two for racquetball.

The facility is scheduled to open in the summer of 2019. The Flynn Recreation Complex, with its egg carton-shaped roof, will make way for a new student center, as outlined in the University's 2008 Institutional Master Plan. —Thomas Cooper



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: A rendering of the west facade and main entrance of the much anticipated new recreation center; the jogging track on the fourth floor where it overlooks the gymnasium; the projected view from the Higgins Stairs, with Walsh Hall at left, Alumni Stadium at right, and 2000 Commonwealth Avenue in the distance; the second-floor lounge area looking down on the two pools, with a fitness room at right.

The pedestrian ramp and rooftop of the Beacon Street garage—favored spots for taking in a game—on May 20.





WALK OFF

BY JOSEPH
GRAVELLESE '10

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY FRANK CURRAN

*SHEA FIELD GOES
THE DISTANCE*



N SATURDAY, MAY 20, THE EAGLES BASEBALL TEAM PLAYED THEIR FINAL GAME AT SHEA FIELD.

They will reconvene in the coming academic year at a newly constructed ballpark on Brighton Campus. Attendance for the day was listed at 2,313, a figure that at first seems dubious given that the visible seating comprises six rows of bleachers about twice the length of the third base dugout. Roughly 2,000 of the onlookers, however, in keeping with a Shea Field tradition, were standing along the pedestrian ramp that runs up the east side of the Beacon Street parking garage behind the first base line, or tailgating (with grills, coolers, camp chairs, and lawn games) on the concrete porch above the ramp at the edge of the garage's third floor.

In the fifth inning, a foul ball sliced by a right-handed Notre Dame hitter smashed into a car parked behind the rooftop crowd. "You should know not to park there," shouted one fan.

It was a sunny day, with temperatures in the mid-60s. The crowd included many longtime fans in faded Boston College ball caps, as well as families with children sporting Eagles T-shirts and toting gloves that dwarfed their hands. Some women carried bouquets for graduating players.

Shortly after 1:00 P.M., longtime Boston College public address announcer Andy Jick began the opening ceremonies by briefly telling the story of the field's namesake Lieutenant Commander John Shea, Class of 1918, who lost his life when his ship, the U.S.S. *Wasp*, was sunk by a Japanese submarine southeast of the Solomon Islands on September 15, 1942. The announcer then introduced a jovial gang of some 30 baseball alumni of various ages, who assembled behind the mound for the opening pitch. They were joined by Al and Anne Pellagrini, brother and daughter of the late Eddie Pellagrini, the 30-year coach (1958–88) for whom the diamond was named. The two threw out first pitches.

Significant as a historic matter, the game was also important because 1) it was against Notre Dame, 2) the Eagles had taken the first two games of the series and were going for a sweep, and 3) the winning team would clinch a spot in the Atlantic Coast Conference (ACC) Tournament.

OPPOSITE, TOP: From left are Connor Bacon '19; Michael Marzonie '20, Scott Braren '18, and Donovan Casey '18. BOTTOM: Notre Dame players watch the game from the bullpen behind left center field.

RIGHT-HANDER BRIAN RAPP '18 opened the game for Boston College, seeking his fourth win of the season. As was their way during the 53-game schedule, the Eagles would not make things easy on themselves. They gave up two runs in the first inning and allowed another in the third, to fall behind 3–1. In the bottom of the third, outfielder Michael Strem '17 knocked in a pair to tie the game but Notre Dame moved ahead again, tallying two runs in the fourth.

Under seven-year head coach Mike Gambino '99, Boston College's playing style shows little regard for the statistics-driven game-planning that rules the major leagues. The Eagles are ferociously aggressive on the base paths. They finished fourth-best in the ACC in stolen bases (76) but also were fourth-worst in runners caught stealing (24). During the regular season they hit just 15 home runs, the lowest total in the conference. A similar approach to the game had taken the Eagles to the Super Regionals of the NCAA tournament last year, and had heartened a Boston College fan base reeling from a winless ACC season in football and men's basketball. "Birdball" was, for a brief spell, the toast of local media and of ESPN's college baseball coverage.

PERHAPS BEST KNOWN to the Boston College community as a tailgating venue in football season and the home of intramural sports such as softball and flag football, Shea Field always sat literally and symbolically in the shadow of Alumni Stadium, which in 1957 was developed, as would be Shea, on filled-in land once occupied by the Upper Chestnut Hill Reservoir. Except for the views down the left field line—of the Lower Chestnut Hill Reservoir and the Boston skyline beyond—Shea was always an underwhelming venue, more ball field than ballpark.

Two rows of roofed portable metal bleachers stood behind home plate and another four rows—open to the weather—stood beyond the third-base dugout. The bullpen area was located beyond the left field fence, in the open ground between the baseball and softball diamonds and—on Shea's last day—alongside two dumpsters and a mound of dirt. Players in the bullpen followed the game through



a Plexiglas window in the green-painted plywood wall.

When it opened in 1961, the field represented an advance for the program, which had moved from a site beside Beacon Street on the Middle Campus that, after World War II, was being hemmed in by new buildings. "The dimensions at Shea Field will be major league," wrote the *Heights*. "To clear the left field fence will require a blast of 330 horizontal feet. . . . The deepest section of the park will be dead centerfield at 390. . . . The fence itself will be wooden and reach eight feet above sea level."

Not everyone was convinced of the new field's attractions. The location collected water that drained from the Middle and Upper Campus. Jerry Farrell '63, sports editor for the *Heights* at the time, wrote in April 1961, "A visit to the grounds the other day gave us a pessimistic feeling. Sometime around the middle of the third inning we wouldn't be too surprised to see the second baseman slowly disappear beneath the playing surface."

Shea Field was scheduled to host its first game, against Suffolk University, on April 15, 1961. In a move that would become a regular feature of the early-season schedule, the contest was postponed due to rain. The formal dedication of the field followed on May 21, attended by members of the military and clergy—including Cardinal Richard Cushing. President Kennedy sent a telegram; Governor John Volpe proclaimed the day Commander John J. Shea Day; and University President Michael P. Walsh, SJ, unveiled a bronze plaque honoring Shea as a "scholar—athlete—patriot." The crowd included a large number of fans sitting al fresco, some on picnic blankets, on the lightly wooded hillock behind third base, now fenced off and better known as Beer Can Hill.

The field's creation came in the midst of a golden era for Eagles baseball. The team had made the College World Series in 1960. They returned to the World Series in Shea Field's inaugural season, and again in 1967.



In the early part of the 20th century, college baseball attracted large crowds. In 1923, a three-game series between Boston College and the College of the Holy Cross drew 83,000 fans to Braves Field (the National League ballpark on the site of what is now Boston University's Nickerson Field), including more than 30,000 for the finale.

That level of interest diminished as football in the early 20th century and basketball in the mid-20th century came to dominate college sports. And baseball, a spring sport, is a difficult game to play competitively in regions where snow often falls from November to April and the season

ABOVE: Left fielder Jake Alu '19. OPPOSITE, BOTTOM: The no-frills concessions behind the third base bleachers.

RIGHT: Unveiling the plaque commemorating John J. Shea, Class of 1918, in 1961 were (from left) University President Michael P. Walsh, SJ, John Shea Jr. '58, Navy Capt. C.A. Karaberis, Cardinal Richard Cushing, and an unidentified woman.



ends in May. Since Boston College's 2005 move to the ACC—arguably the nation's premier baseball conference—Shea Field has looked increasingly out of place. (On March 10, 2017, as Boston College topped #2 Florida State 8–5 in Tallahassee, Shea was snowed in.)

After 1967, the Eagles did not return to the NCAA tournament for more than 40 years. And although Boston College produced 33 major leaguers from the program's founding in 1896 to 1952, no player of the Shea Field era went to the majors until Brian Looney '91 was called up to the Montreal Expos in 1993. He pitched 12 2/3 innings in his major-league career.

"It takes a certain type of player to commit to playing at BC," said Andrew Lawrence '11, who works at an architectural firm in Pittsburgh and moonlights as the baseball reporter for BC Interruption, a blog devoted to Boston College sports. Lawrence, who played four seasons as an Eagles outfielder and pitcher, recalled a Sunday morning practice one autumn that began with odd instructions from the coach. "He said, 'Before we do any [drills], let's grab some of these trashcans and head to the outfield and pick up as many chicken bones as we can.' There had been a football game the day before . . . so there we were, an ACC baseball team, walking around our outfield, picking up chicken bones, broken glass, beer cans."

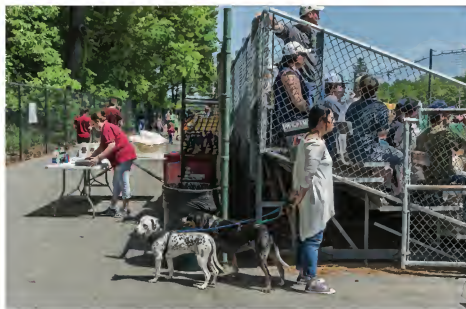
Said Lawrence, "BC has to find players who are tough enough to play in Boston conditions and not care that other programs will look down on you because of your facilities. The underdog mentality is there from the moment you step on campus, and it's something BC players love. Many a team came to the Birdcage expecting a series sweep and were rudely awakened."

THE EAGLES' AGGRESSIVE STYLE under Gambino was on display in the bottom of the seventh inning of the Notre Dame game, when Boston College trailed by two runs. With Jake Alu '19 on second and Gian Martellini '19 on third and no outs, first baseman Mitch Bigras '18 knocked a single into right field, scoring a run to make it 7–6. On the throw to home, Bigras tried to reach second base but was easily gunned down, much to the consternation of an alumnus in his 50s or 60s standing next to me.

"Are you writing about this game?" he asked, looking at my notebook. "If they lose, write that that play might have cost them the [expletive] game."

The next batter was captain Johnny Adams '17, who tripled, scoring Alu to tie the game at 7. The Eagles dugout mobbed Alu. The crowd at Shea Field—generally quiet, as is the Boston College fashion—roared.

The game went into the bottom of the eighth inning still tied. At this point, the Notre Dame radio announcer Chuck Freeby's excitement was ringing through to everyone sitting in the bleachers behind home plate. Shea Field had no press box or the capacity to host TV broadcasts, so





OPPOSITE: Left fielder Alu makes the game's and the field's last out. RIGHT, TOP: The team comes together for a celebratory huddle. BOTTOM: Pitcher Gerald Greely '62 (in cap) and catcher Robert DeFelice '63—the battery from the 1961 dedicatory game.

radio was the only way to follow a game. If you sat in the top row of the bleachers behind the plate, you'd be treated to the visiting team's play-by-play broadcast.

Pitcher Donovan Casey '18 led off with a single, then reached second on a sacrifice bunt by Michael Strem. A one-out walk gave the Eagles two men on. After notching a fly-out to right field, Notre Dame pitcher Matt Vierling lost his command. He walked Bigras to load the bases, bringing up captain Adams. Vierling missed with his first three pitches. The fans on the ramp were chanting, clapping, and shouting. The next pitch was low and away, bringing in Casey: Boston College 8, Notre Dame 7.

The Eagles had their first lead of the game, and were three outs from postseason play. After beginning the ninth inning with a fly out and a bloop single, Casey threw a wild pitch, advancing Notre Dame's runner to scoring position. Casey came back with a strikeout but followed with a walk to put the go-ahead run on base.

On a 1-2 pitch, Notre Dame shortstop Cole Daily hit a high fly ball to deep left field. Jake Alu circled under it and recorded the final out, at the same time punching Boston College's ticket to the ACC Tournament for the second consecutive year (they had a short run, losing to two Southern teams). Thus ended 56 years of baseball at Shea Field.

A special "final pitch" featured Gerald Greely '62 tossing to catcher Robert DeFelice '63—the battery from the dedicatory game at Shea Field on Sunday, May 21, 1961. Greely's first pitch was wild in the dirt on the first base side. He insisted on a second chance. The ball bounced once before it was fielded by DeFelice. Greely motioned for another ball, but that was it. Shea Field was done.

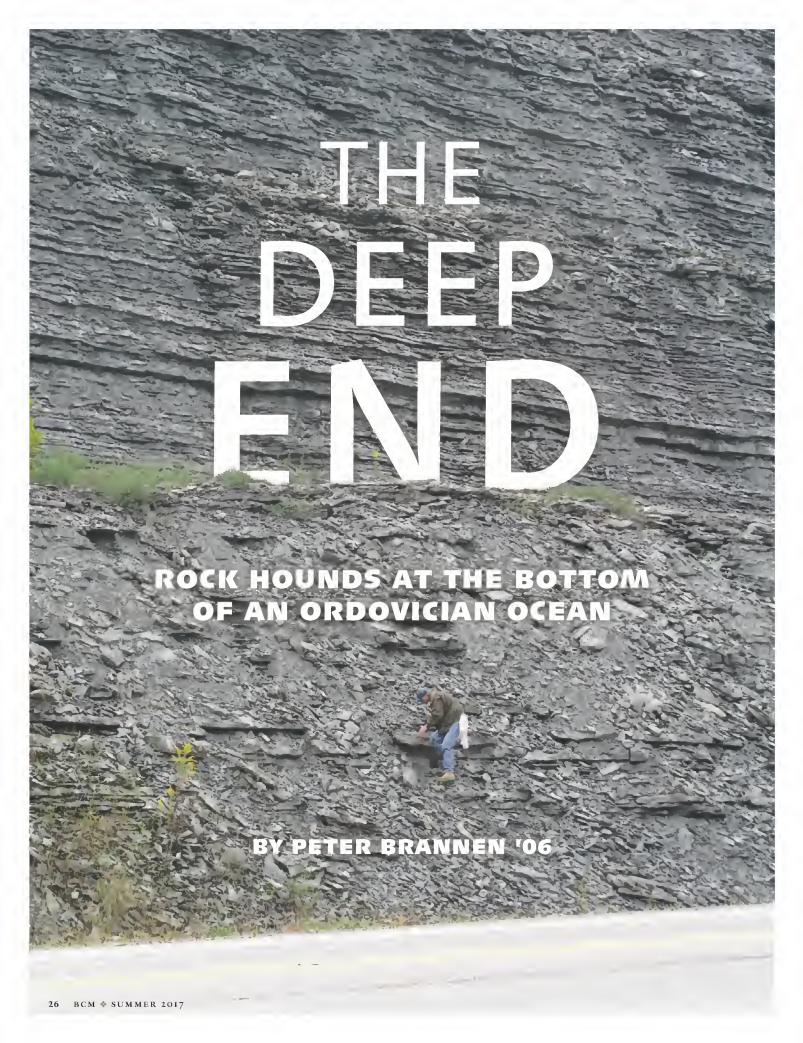
Following the game, current and former Eagles ballplayers gathered in front of the right field scoreboard for photos; boys and girls ran the bases and tossed balls; some Eagles players scooped dirt from the base paths into water bottles.



Flowers were handed over to the seniors. Family photos were snapped.

In its application to the Boston Redevelopment Authority for construction of a new sports complex on the Brighton Campus, Boston College stated: "The current baseball and softball facilities are inadequate and are well below the standards of the other ACC institutions. . . . This places the teams at a competitive disadvantage within the ACC." The Eagles' new baseball park, part of a 14-acre athletics complex that includes a softball field and a field for intramural use, will feature artificial turf and all-weather seating for a thousand. The space previously occupied by Shea will be taken up by a new field house and an outdoor grass practice field. ■

Joseph Gravelle '10 is an aide to the mayor of Revere, Massachusetts, and the former editor of *BC Interruption* com.



THE DEEP END

**ROCK HOUNDS AT THE BOTTOM
OF AN ORDOVICIAN OCEAN**

BY PETER BRANNEN '06



THOUGH THEIR NAME SUGGESTS SOME KIND OF OFF-BRAND FREEMASONRY,

the Dry Dredgers—among the most respected amateur fossil-collecting groups in the country—welcome all comers. The only membership requirement is an obsession with deep geological time, which stretches back 4.6 billion years to the Earth's creation. Since 1942, on weekend fossil-hunting jaunts, they have been meticulously “dredging” the Cincinnati, Ohio, area for ancient sea life, with countless citations in paleontology papers to show for it. Because their Midwest home base sits atop bedrock made of an old ocean seafloor, they specialize in fossils from the Ordovician period, an alien world that lasted from 488 million to 444 million years ago, and that ended in catastrophe. In the closing moments of the Ordovician, 85 percent of life on Earth was wiped out.

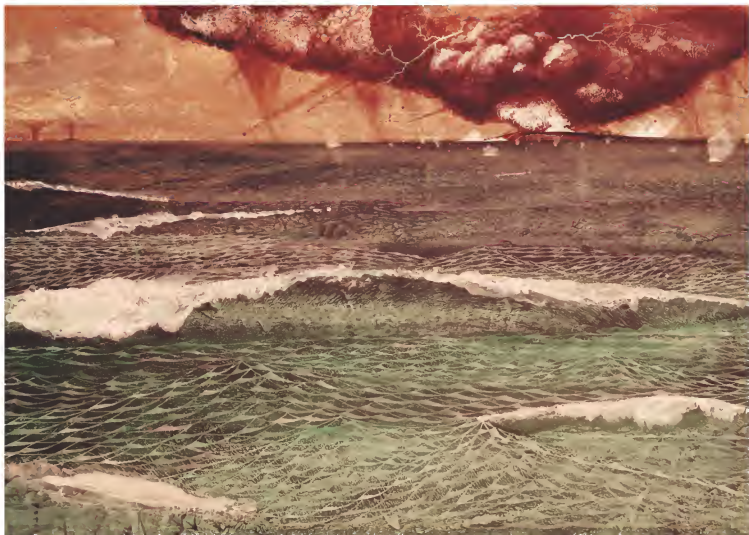
The mild Ordovician world was destroyed at the end by a surprising ice age—and then punished again by a rising tide of noxious seas. The resulting mass extinction, caused by wrenching climate swings, would be the second worst in the half-billion-year history of animal life, exceeded only by the End-Permian Mass Extinction that annihilated more than 90 percent of the Earth's complex life some 252 million years ago.

Seeing as my enthusiasm for paleontology began where most people's does—once the big, scaly creatures started lumbering around (about 300 million years ago)—I knew hardly anything about this much older planet, one that was still almost completely barren of life on land. But ours has always been an ocean planet foremost, and there was no shortage of action below the waves in the Ordovician. So I came to the seas of Cincinnati for an introduction.

“BOY, EVERYONE'S DOING SHOW-AND-TELL TONIGHT,” said Dry Dredgers president Jack Kallmeyer before calling the meeting to order in a room at the end of a hallway in the University of Cincinnati's geology/physics building. Fifteen or so members were present tonight, out of an enrollment their website puts at “about 230 families.” They milled around, showing off their spoils from the field and peering into one another's shoeboxes filled with petrified creatures salvaged along roadsides or in abandoned quarries since the previous month's meeting. The hardcore hobbyists—in town from all over the Midwest—traded war

OPPOSITE: Scene from a Dry Dredgers field trip at a road cut in northeastern Kentucky, September 2003.

THIS PAGE: A *Flexicalymene meeki* trilobite fossil from the Ordovician period. Commonly an inch or so long, such marine specimens are often found in Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio.



stories of collecting. They commiserated about lost fossil sites shuttered by phosphate mining companies or paved over by suburban subdivisions.

It's a common lament among rockhounds. Few real estate developers know, or care, about the fossils lying in the way of their next cul-de-sac, and most Americans don't think about how our civilization veneers an underworld of planetary history. This reality might be more difficult to avoid in the Cincinnati area, which is propped on top of a gigantic hash of ancient tropical sea life that literally spills out of the sides of roads. The area, including neighboring northern Kentucky and southeastern Indiana, has been called by geologists Richard Arnold Davis and David L. Meyer one of "the most fossil-rich regions in North America, if not the entire world," and has been a magnet for paleontologists for almost 200 years. The city is so rich in fossils that a slice of earth history has been named after it: the Cincinnati Series (451 to 445 million years ago).

After informal show-and-tell, the meeting's decidedly older crowd took their seats. The lecture that night came courtesy of an Illinois high-school science teacher and fellow

An artist's rendering of what an Ordovician sea would have looked like, with volcanoes.

fossil nut, who held court on an obscure line of filter-feeders, ancient relatives of sea urchins and sand dollars, that arose during the Ordovician.

"When you talk about blastoids, you gotta talk about *pentremites*," he said. I looked around as the group nodded. The man sitting in front of me was wearing a T-shirt inscribed with the text of the mayoral proclamation declaring the city's official fossil to be *Isorophus cincinnatiensis*, an extremely distant relative of starfish that lived more than 400 million years ago. These folks were amateurs in name only.

At the end of the night, Kallmeyer handed out the itinerary for the weekend: We would meet up with the Kentucky Paleontological Society the next morning and then set out to sea.

FIVE TIMES IN EARTH'S HISTORY, LIFE HAS BEEN ALMOST ENTIRELY WIPED OUT.

These are the so-called Big Five mass extinctions, events during which more than three-quarters of animal life vanished in only a few tens of thousands of years at most. The End-Cretaceous Mass Extinction, notable for taking out the (nonbird) dinosaurs 66 million years ago, is the most famous member of

this gloomy fraternity. But the End-Cretaceous is only the most *recent* mass extinction in the history of life. The four extinctions preceding it are mainly absent from the public imagination, overshadowed by the downfall of *T. rex* and other dinosaurs who make up Earth's most charismatic prehistoric celebrities.

The sad truth is that almost no one outside of a small guild of invertebrate paleontologists (and some oil companies) cares about the Ordovician period. And yet, the extinction that capped this period opened the way for our vertebrate ancestors (fish, as it happened) to eventually gain sway in the world.

It was a different world then. Microcontinents and archipelagoes littered the seas. Kazakhstan, Siberia, and North China were remote and solitary island rafts, mostly covered with shallow oceans of their own. And if that's not disorienting enough, South America was upside down and contiguous with Africa, as well as with Australia, India, Arabia, and Antarctica. Together these plates made up a supercontinent called Gondwana that was drifting over the South Pole.

Meanwhile, near North America, a chain of volcanic islands was advancing. It collided with the continent, giving birth to the Appalachians, which towered as high as the Alps do today and stretched from Greenland to Alabama. Much of the East Coast we know is a smattering of these old islands and volcanoes, grafted onto the land and later crumpled in massive continental collisions. Some scientists say formation of the venerable Appalachian mountain belt may have played a role in the mass extinction. As the range climbed toward the heavens, fresh, weatherable volcanic rock was being constantly pushed up to the skies only to be eroded away, pulling down with it the atmosphere's carbon dioxide, to chilling effect.

While the continents were flooded by seas, what dry land

did exist—such as in tropical Canada, Greenland, and the Antarctic wastes of the southern supercontinent—was a vista of barren rock. No droning insects, no footprints, no trees, no shrubs; life on land was relegated to a few damp patches of moss-like liverwort hugging the shore. This was so long ago that rivers didn't meander yet. The rooting plants that would have held back their banks would not exist for tens of millions of years.

Bleary-eyed, I joined the Dry Dredgers in a convoy of cars just south of the city early the next day. The first stop—tucked away at the end of a service road—was an exposed hillside of layered gray rock, the same sort that rises from the sides of highways throughout southern Indiana, Ohio, and northern Kentucky. After we scamped up the bluffs, closer inspection of rocks that had broken off revealed that the outcrop was hardly rock at all, but a cemented amalgam of seashells and the branching skeletons of ancient ocean creatures. It looked as though someone had taken a pickax to a coral reef. There literally were no rocks that *weren't* fossils. We were 50 feet deep on the bottom of the sea, south of the equator, 450 million years ago. I began to understand the peculiar obsessions of the Dry Dredgers.

THE UNDERWATER ORDOVICIAN WORLD IS KNOWN AS THE "SEA WITHOUT FISH." It's a mild overstatement, as there *were* fish—strange-looking, jawless, and lowly, these vertebrates amounted to the Ordovician's wallflowers. Ruling the Ordovician waters were monsters without backbones—a swarm of shells, antennas, and tentacles.

Walking along the side of the highway outside Cincinnati (just past the Subway, Sprint, and Advance Auto Parts stores) is as good a place as any to start to meet this world that would be whisked away in the first global destruction of animal life. Spying an unusual rock, I brushed aside some plastic liquor bottles and pulled it from the rubble. A fossilized creature was curled into a ball, frozen in stone.

"*Flexicalymene meeki*," Dry Dredger board member Bill Heimbrock told me as I held it up to the sun.

"There's no flaws with it," he said. "It's perfect."

Aping words I'd heard the veteran rockhounds using around me that day, I thoughtfully nodded and proclaimed, "Amazing preservation."

A few Dry Dredgers grumbled about my beginner's luck. It was a trilobite, that staple



Nautiloid fossils from the Ordovician period, remote relatives of squid.

WALKING ALONG THE HIGHWAY OUTSIDE CINCINNATI IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO MEET THIS WORLD THAT WOULD BE WHISKED AWAY IN THE FIRST GLOBAL DESTRUCTION OF ANIMAL LIFE.

of the natural history diorama. Vaguely resembling the love child of an accordion and a horseshoe crab (the living animal to which they're most closely related), trilobites all but serve as the mascot of the entire Paleozoic era, which extends from about 100 million years before the Ordovician to nearly 200 million years after it. (The era is followed by the Mesozoic era, or the age of reptiles, and our own Cenozoic, the age of mammals.) The stereotypical trilobite is a Romba-like creature mindlessly scouring the seafloor during hundreds of millions of years. And there were plenty of unexciting, bottom-dwelling trilobites shuffling among the horn corals and sponges. But in the Ordovician there were also free-swimming trilobites, gliding through the open seas. Some sported the ultimate bug-eyes, dwarfing the rest of their bodies, while others were shaped like hourglasses and still others like torpedoes. There were large carnivorous trilobites with sleek heads, described by British paleontologist Richard A. Fortey as bearing a resemblance to "modern, small sharks." And then there was the largest trilobite that ever lived, *Isotelus rex*, at more than two feet long. None of these stranger forms survived the End-Ordovician mass extinction.

"What was it afraid of?" I asked about my fossil.

"Cephalopods," Heimbrock responded, ominously. "Eurypterids."

It's a shame these animals don't have better names. Eurypterids are also known as sea scorpions, and some were enormous, with streamlined exoskeletons and carapaces housing a bouquet of dangling sci-fi appendages. In 2015, scientists working the Ordovician seas of Iowa found one such bug-like beast the size of a human.

As for the cephalopods, a few feet away from my trilobite was the chambered cone shell of one of these creatures—one that might have sent my fossil into its eternal death pose. Today cephalopods broadly include octopuses, squid, cuttlefish, and nautilus. But during the Ordovician they included *Cameroceras*, which was housed in a shell that stretched almost 20 feet. Museum reconstructions of this animal look something like an octopus jammed into a bus-size ice cream cone. At their Ordovician peak, the top-dog nautiloid cephalopods numbered nearly 300

species. When the ax of extinction fell, the cataclysm wiped out 80 percent of their ranks.

I pulled another peculiar rock from the Midwestern seafloor and showed it to a Dry Dredger. The man—sporting a bandanna on his head and a thick beard and looking like he'd have been at home in a motorcycle gang—took the fossil from me and pulled out a hand lens.

"Oh, that's a *leaverite*," he said gruffly.

"Is that good?" I asked.

"Leave 'er right there," he said, chucking it on the ground. He was more excited by a slab I found plastered with the imprints of what looked like little hacksaw blades.

"Graptolites," he said, eyes widening. The sawtooth structures had been built by bizarre little animals that lived tethered together, in a sort of open-water group home. They might have moved by rowing in unison.

This was the Ordovician: an odd sea world filled with invertebrates that for the most part made up for what they lacked in ostentation with an alien charm. The tropical sea covering the majority of North America then was in most places not much more than ankle- or knee-deep. Wade into the water on a sandy beach in Wisconsin, and you could keep trudging across the continent with your head above water until somewhere around Texas, where the sea-

floor dropped into the depths. This shallow province, which left behind half a continent of limestone (calcium carbonate) formed from the remains of sea life, has been dubbed

Two fossilized sea scorpions (*eurypterids*), predators of (page 27's) *Flexicalymene meeki*.





the Great American Carbonate Bank. Similar outcrops exist on almost every continent.

When geologists want you to know that an unappreciated event in earth history (even a 40-million-year event) is really important, they telegraph it with a grandiose title, capitalize it, and tack on a “Great.” The roughly 40 million years of the Ordovician saw an efflorescence of life unlike any before or since. This was the so-called Great Ordovician Biodiversification Event, rebranded by some as “Diversity’s Big Bang.” Within one span of 10 million years during the Ordovician the number of species on the planet *tripled*. Life crested as never before in the Ordovician. Then it was suddenly poleaxed by extinction. The Dry Dredgers don’t collect fossils from the very end of the Ordovician—and not out of some peculiar club policy. There are literally no ocean rocks to collect in the Ohio area from that time,

A distant relative of starfish, *Isorophus cincinnatiensis* (one at center and one at upper left) was voted the official fossil of Cincinnati, Ohio, at a 2002 rock and fossil show. Soon, the city’s mayor made it official.

because the ocean suddenly drained out of the Midwest, leaving the shallow sea world gasping. At the bitter end, glaciers swelled on Antarctic Africa and stole their water from the ocean, dropping the sea level by more than 300 feet. The former seafloor and all of its inhabitants dried under the Ordovician sun for a million years. This was the Ordovician mass extinction.

Forming ice sheets is not a linear process. They don’t grow on the continents like mold on bread, but instead explode in size once some climatic tipping point has been crossed. For the Ordovician, the deep freeze might have been delayed by a continuous outpouring of carbon dioxide from eruptions issuing from the volcanic islands that would crash to form the Appalachian mountain chain. The volcanoes might have kept the climate balanced as if on a knife’s edge. When they finally went quiet at the end of the Ordovician, this steady supply of carbon dioxide to the atmosphere was shut off. But the weathering of the volcanic rock continued apace as the Appalachians were thrust up into the sky. As a result, the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere began to plummet, and it got very cold.

Animals that swam in the open seas and those that lived in deep water fared no better than the inhabitants of shallow seas. The sudden appearance of massive glaciers on

Africa might have kick-started ocean circulation, bringing a blast of oxygen to the deep. Deepwater brachiopods, shelled creatures that had thrived in essentially predator-free, low-oxygen settings, were nearly all wiped out; and deepwater trilobites, which might have survived the abyssal depths by harvesting bacteria grown on their own bodies, vanished along with most other creatures.

It took five million years for the planet to fully recover from the End-Ordovician Mass Extinction. When it finally did, the hollowed-out ecosystem provided opportunities for a few survivors to flourish. Creatures with backbone—our ancestors, the fish—once unimportant players, radiated in the extinction’s wake. ■

Science journalist Peter Brannen ’06 has written for the *New York Times*, the *Atlantic*, the *Washington Post*, and the *Guardian*. His essay is drawn and adapted by permission of ECCO, an imprint of HarperCollins, from his first book, titled *The Ends of the World: Volcanic Apocalypses, Lethal Oceans, and Our Quest to Understand Earth’s Past Mass Extinctions*. Copyright © 2017 by Peter Brannen. The book may be ordered at a discount from the Boston College Bookstore via bc.edu/bcm.

A photograph of four students sitting around a large wooden table in a bright classroom. From left to right: a woman with blonde hair in a black jacket, a woman with blonde hair in a black shirt, a woman with glasses and a blue headband in a purple shirt, and a woman with dark hair in a grey shirt. They are all smiling at the camera. On the table are various items including a purple water bottle, a coffee cup, and some papers. Large windows in the background show a cityscape, and a whiteboard is visible on the right wall.

AT THE TABLE

Historian Mark O'Connor taught the Arts and Sciences Honors Program sophomore seminar—a study of European culture from Machiavelli to Woolf—for 39 years. This year was his last

BY ZACHARY JASON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEE PELLEGRINI



O'Donnor holds the inscribed copy of *The Brothers Karamazov* his students presented him at the end of his final seminar in Stokes 2055, on May 4.

“FRAZER LITERALLY READ HIMSELF BLIND, GANG, ISN'T THAT FANTASTIC?” said Mark O'Connor, leaning over the seminar table, resting his weight on the tips of his fingers.

It was late April, in Stokes 205S, two weeks before O'Connor completed his 43rd and final year of teaching at Boston College, and his 37th consecutive year of teaching “Western Cultural Tradition V–VIII,” a required two-semester seminar for sophomores in the four-year Arts and Sciences Honors Program. O'Connor's course focuses on European cultural movements from the Renaissance to existentialism, and on some three-dozen assigned readings in literature, philosophy, theology, and psychology, in addition to dozens of paintings and musical compositions examined in class. It runs from *The Prince* (1532) and Shakespeare's *Richard II* (1595) through *To the Lighthouse* (1927).

Dressed, as he generally is, in faded blue jeans and a white Oxford, a nest of keys hanging from his belt loop, a shock of graying hair swooped upward, a tattered, dog-eared paperback book and a stack of handwritten instructional notes on the table before him, O'Connor was for the last time teaching *The Golden Bough*, the anthropologist Sir James George Frazer's 1890 (though he didn't complete a final version

until 1915) study of religion and mythology. O'Connor was treating it the same way he treats each of the seminar's texts, with fervor and as a challenge to his students: “Frazer brilliantly argues that Christianity has no legitimacy and is no different than any other religion. Fight me if you disagree!”

On that day, the seminar's 14 students were considering Frazer's account of the cult of Attis, god of vegetation in Phrygia (now Turkey) circa 900 B.C. The son of a virgin mother (“Wowza, ring any bells?” chimed O'Connor, who has a penchant for antique exhortations), Attis bled to death under a tree (“crucifix, anyone?”), and was honored in a springtime festival (“hmm, Easter?”), at which priests, “stirred by wild, barbaric music,” as Frazer writes, castrated themselves.

While the class debated potential connections between Attis and Christianity, O'Connor began playing “wild, barbaric” music on the compact classroom's sound system. It was Carlos Santana's Woodstock performance of “Soul Sacrifice”—cymbals, cowbells, maracas, bongos, and Santana's screaming guitar. He occasionally used background music in the seminar, O'Connor told me, so students “better comprehend, channel, and live the text.”

“Can you feel that?” O'Connor asked, his eyes closed, his head leaned back. Sitting in a tight horseshoe facing



During each year's first class, O'Connor tells his students, "Our seminar only succeeds if we accept it as an act of *collective salvation*. It won't work if you don't care about who's to your left and your right."

him, a few students tapped their feet, a few laughed, the rest scribbled notes. "Can you begin to understand, Gwyneth, a building spiritual fervor, Tommy, where you just might do something you later regret, Rosie?" O'Connor frequently stitches students' names into a single sentence, to keep all on alert. As he told me, "If you ever dare yawn, you're going to hear from me."

ISAT IN ON THE TWO-HOUR SEMINAR ON TUESDAYS and Thursdays from early March to May 4, when he taught his last class. Because most sections of the honors seminar for freshmen begin with *The Odyssey*, O'Connor concludes the sophomore class with Virginia Woolf's "odyssey of a woman trying to make art and life meet, which is one of the aims of the seminar," he says. The sophomore seminar, one of three courses that he's been teaching since joining the Arts and Sciences Honors Program in 1977, surveys the "complexity and scope of Western intellectual accomplishment," following, among other threads, the relationship between the individual and society, scientific inquiry, the beautiful, and the sublime.

Colleagues and former students affectionately and accurately call O'Connor a throwback. His teaching style calls to mind that of Robin Williams as a 1950s English teacher in *Dead Poets Society* (1989)—a blend of charisma, unyielding enthusiasm, animated readings in French, German, and Russian in addition to English, and a habit of striding across the room to stand behind a student and exclaim, "Does everyone see the brilliance of what X just said?"

Former student Jonathan Mulrooney '91, now an associate professor of English at the College of the Holy Cross, says he tries to emulate what he calls O'Connor's "sympathetic interruption." When a student talks, O'Connor will often talk as well—echoing, responding, refining. "With most teachers this would make the student back off," but with O'Connor's encouraging tone and hand gestures, the student is "enlivened, and keeps going," says Mulrooney. "In the end what results is a conversation of the teacher's initial design but of the student's own making."

During one 20-minute stretch, I noted O'Connor make references to and draw links among Bach, Batman, Baudelaire, Bergman, Conrad, Dante, Darwin, Foucault, Freud, Homer, Homer Simpson, Job, Manet, Mozart, Nietzsche,

Shakespeare (he recited Sonnet 98 from memory), *Star Trek*, *Where's Waldo?*, O'Connor's wife, son, and grandmother, and essays by former students. He does this, he says, to prod students to draw associations of their own: "What bothers me are students who compartmentalize too much, who only want to know what's on the test." O'Connor draws connections rapid-fire to "get students to test themselves, and think about the ways in which the seminar is a part of the much larger issue of intellectuality, how and what they will read throughout their lives."

Mary Joe Hughes, who taught in the Honors Program from 1979 until retiring in 2013, told me of her colleague: "He knows the name of every student *before* the first class and probably something about his or her background. He's interested in all students as *whole people*. He is open about his own faith and demonstrates by example that faith is compatible with intellectual sophistication. His is a teacher-centered classroom but one that justifiably feels like an ongoing family . . . of deep commitment, nurture, and care."

Former student Patricia Noonan '07, a New York City-based actor, singer, and playwright, said O'Connor was "the rare teacher who could give students a baseline of deep respect and confidence and yet push them hard at the same time." O'Connor also "emphasized the need to question absolutes—to learn from flashes of insight."

R. Nicholas Burns '78, H'12, one of O'Connor's first students, later became U.S. Under Secretary of State and ambassador to NATO. Now a professor at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, Burns said, "No other professor at BC or Harvard had a more protean approach or more infectious love of history than Mark."

"I can still hear Mark reading one of [Siegfried] Sassoon's [antiwar] poems, in the last year of the Vietnam War," he added. "I had grown up with the notion that war could be heroic. [This was] a revelation for me. Mark was an extraordinary teacher because he asked us to pose ethical questions in history: *Was this right? Was it ethical and moral?*"

THERE'S AN OLD ROMAN PROVERB: ALWAYS leave the table while you're still hungry," O'Connor told me one day this spring, sitting in his tidy office in Stokes. He whispered for dramatic effect: "I'm still very hungry." He wants to spend more time with his six grandchildren, however, and help take care of his 95-year-old father-in-law, and travel with his wife, Mary, a retired school teacher—"My

The morning seminar, during a discussion of Manet's *White Lilacs in a Crystal Vase*.

much better half, my Mary, my Marysia,” is how he refers to her in class.

Framed class pictures from seminars going back more than a decade hang on his office walls, gifts from his students. He pointed from his desk chair to more than a dozen faces—recalling what she said about Freud and what he wrote about Cervantes. “My students made me better than I really am,” he said. In one photograph, students had Photoshopped themselves supine and outstretched aboard *The Raft of the Medusa*, Théodore Géricault’s early-19th-century rendering of shipwreck victims, an oil painting O’Connor uses to teach French Romanticism, and to explore “the idea that we are always caught between salvation and damnation.”

O’Connor says he’ll most miss “the smile—those moments you look across the table and you see a student get it. It’s a smile of understanding, it most represents our humanity, and it best represents the academic enterprise.”

Founding the Honors Program in 1958, Boston College joined more than 100 universities that launched similar ventures in postwar America as a means to attract stronger students nationwide. At the urging of University President Michael P. Walsh, SJ, English professor P. Albert Duhamel and academic vice president William Casey, SJ, proposed a curriculum for students “blessed by heredity or early training with more talents than the average.” When the Carnegie Corporation granted \$85,000 to launch the program, \$5,000 more than the University asked for, it noted a “concern that Catholic education has not made a large enough contribution to the preparation of scientists, research men, and college teachers.”

One of Boston College’s core curriculum options, the honors seminars start out as 12-credit, year-long courses. The freshman course begins with the Greeks, goes through the Hebrew Bible, and ends with Dante and Chaucer; the sophomore course ranges through Milton and Cervantes, Kant and Rousseau, and into the early 20th century. The junior seminar (six credits, one year) covers modernism and postmodernism. Seniors may write a thesis or take a seminar that revisits a text from earlier in the program.

Today the Honors Program makes entry offers to incoming freshmen based on teacher recommendations, standardized test scores, high-school class standing, and application essays. Some 80 from an incoming class of 2,300 will enroll this fall. Several current and former students I talked with recalled that O’Connor remembered exact turns of phrase from their admission essays when he pitched the program to them on Admitted Eagle Day, which the University

hosts each spring. O’Connor, who directed the Honors Program from 1997 to 2012, describes the four-year curriculum as a “survey of great books, great ideas, and great works of art, from a discernment approach. What constitutes greatness? Honors students will get a solid grasp of the history of debate over the timeless questions: Why am I here? How do I know when I’ve done something just, or wrong? Is art above nature or is nature above art?”

The South Shore native studied history at Holy Cross and earned his Ph.D. in Slavic studies from Boston College in 1978, writing his thesis on “Cultures in Conflict: A Case Study in Russian–Polish Relations: The University at Wilno.” He had been a lecturer in survey courses such as “Cultural and Intellectual History of Modern Europe from 1500 to 1789” and “The European Experience” when he received an invitation to teach a section of the sophomore honors seminar, then called “Modern Man,” in 1977.

The first year was a “disaster.” Of his eight students, says O’Connor, “two were geniuses, four were solid, and two weren’t even ready for college.”

John Howard, SJ ’59, MA’62, a longtime professor in the Honors Program, gave him some advice. “The most important books you’ll encounter are your students,” O’Connor remembers Howard telling him. “Each of them is just as involved, complicated, and multi-toned as anything Dostoyevsky wrote.” From then on, O’Connor would return to his office after each class and write notes on his students’ insights and questions, and then work them into the next seminar. “I learned to become six times over-prepared. Good students ask tough questions, and you

don’t want to constantly be professing your ignorance,” he said. After spending a year in Poland on a research grant,

O’Connor addresses Gwyneth Miner during the afternoon seminar on April 4.





he joined the Honors Program full-time in 1981.

He found himself learning more about teaching in the seminar than he did in a lecture course, “where you’re in complete control.” He prefers the seminar’s “intellectual ping-pong and unpredictability.” Still, he often lectured to start a class, to “calibrate” discussion. I watched him introduce *The Brothers Karamazov* with 15 minutes of Dostoyevsky’s biography, an etymology of the four brothers’ names, the novel’s roots in Scripture, and the historical context of the Revolutions of 1848 (“the revolutions that,” O’Connor said, pausing, and the class responded, “don’t revolve,” a familiar O’Connor phrasing).

He learned patience in his first years, he said. “I used to rush to explain. Eventually I gained the confidence to let every class get it on their own time, which gives them the confidence to propel the seminar forward.”

During each year’s first class, O’Connor tells his students, “Our seminar only succeeds if we accept it as an act of *collective salvation*. It won’t work if you don’t care about who’s to your left and your right.” By that he means: Don’t score points over one another. Rather, try to feed off what the last seminar speaker said. Challenge one another to

FROM LEFT: Liam Formisano, Thomas Toghradjian, Matthew Eckstein, and Martin Gilgenast.

arrive at a more comprehensive understanding. At least half a dozen times I heard O’Connor respond to a student’s insight with something like, “Superb. Now, gang, let’s pick apart everything X just said.”

O’Connor has taught the Honors Program’s sophomore, junior, and senior seminars multiple times, but the sophomore seminar is his favorite. This year, his last at Boston College, he taught two sections. “I get to teach my favorite books,” among them *The Brothers Karamazov*, *Heart of Darkness*, and *Frankenstein*, he said. And sophomores, “at that point well-attuned to the program’s etiquette of attentiveness, always teach me something new about them.”

In addition to in-class discussion, on Thursday evenings “around repast time,” as he wrote in the syllabus, O’Connor emailed each class a weekly “intellectual dessert.” These were essay prompts that “extend beyond exegesis and consider the implications of why what we’re reading is worth a grown man or woman’s time.” Assignments from O’Connor’s final year included:

JANUARY 26

In 1759 Samuel Johnson’s *Rasselas* appeared almost simultaneously with Voltaire’s *Candide*. Johnson allegedly said that had they “not been published so closely one after the other

that there was not time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other.'

Do you agree? Is it possible that two thinkers who so strongly clashed on fundamental issues such as the worth of Christianity nevertheless could have much in common? Johnson, after all, reviled the philosophes in general and Voltaire in particular, labeling him a 'scurrilous dog.'

Please compare and contrast *Candide* and *Rasselas* as 'philosophical tales,' then try empirically to come to terms with what constitutes the Age of the Enlightenment by searching for common intellectual presuppositions uniting Voltaire and Johnson. In dealing with this larger problem, Kant's essay 'What is Enlightenment?' should be used as a point of reference. David's brooding *Brutus* done later in the same decade as Kant's essay may, perhaps, provoke some darker-still brooding.

APRIL 20

Here's the premise for your consideration: that Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* is what the Germans call a 'Kulturträger,' that is, a culture-bearing work. Indeed we might want to term it a 'golden bough' that can bring us back, if we can bear the journey, to a bare, unadorned vision of our past. Or we might instead want to see in this heart the darkness produced by fecundity, a 'tangled blank' of a bough weighed down by all we have read, seen, experienced.

How might we now return to where we 'began,' 'and know the place for the first time'? How might we understand earlier writings, paintings, and music we've explored in the 'light' Conrad's novella sheds on what we've seen?

Over the years, the sophomore honors course under O'Connor added an emphasis on "the evolution of Western thought across media," including landscape painting, classical music, and criticism. "I encourage dilettantism because I'm a dilettante myself," O'Connor said. He took his students to museums and Symphony Hall concerts. He had them compare Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* (1764) with Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (1787) and J.M.W. Turner's *The Slave Ship* (1840), which offer "competing theories about the relationship between the good and beautiful," he said. They contrasted Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* (1859) with Courbet's *The Stone Breakers* (1849), a rendition of peasants, one old and one young, in ragged clothing, breaking stones with a hammer—"works in conversation with each other about the evolution and aspirations of humanity," he said. O'Connor "made every book, painting,

and song we studied feel part of one conversation, and that we could join that conversation," one current student told me. Emile Zalesky Lockhart '99, general counsel and policy director for the Massachusetts State Senate, told me that the seminar "loosened up the way I saw the world." Lockhart added that O'Connor "showed you that the answers aren't just in the text or in the painting or the music, they're in how you weave them together."

Nearly every time I asked O'Connor about his teaching philosophy, he cited two lines from the 16th-century French essayist Michel de Montaigne, whose work the seminar studies during the fall semester. Montaigne, says O'Connor, "is the ultimate wise guy, he's beautifully engaging, and, crucially, he shows students that the life of the mind and the life they're going to live can be a seamless garment." As regards teaching, O'Connor cites Montaigne's essay "Of Books": "The only learning I look for is that which teaches me to know myself, and teaches me how to die well and to live well." And O'Connor then references Montaigne's final and, some contend, greatest essay, "On Experience": "To compose our character is our duty, not to compose books, and to win, not battles and provinces, but order and tranquility in our conduct. Our great and glorious masterpiece is to live appropriately."

"Montaigne composed his life by writing books. I've tried to compose my life by teaching the books that show how to compose a life," O'Connor said.

ON MAY 4, HIS LAST DAY AS A TEACHER, DURING his morning seminar, O'Connor displayed on the screen a still-life bouquet of white lilacs in a crystal vase. "Manet painted this as he died," O'Connor began. When Manet was dying of syphilis, his sister-in-law visited him each morning with flowers, which he painted. The lilacs in the painting reflect sunlight, and appear to be moving. "I find beauty here, I find life here," said O'Connor. "Manet is making art out of nature, nature out of life. This is a great last testament worth striving for." Normally, O'Connor sat facing the class and with his back to the painting he was elucidating. Now he stood looking at the painting, silent.

The seminar ended with Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*, a novel centered on Mrs. Ramsay's struggle to transcend her roles as hostess, housewife, and mother. The discussion had begun the previous weekend, when the two classes and a handful of former students caravanned

To attend the afternoon seminar, Andrew Skaras '15 had flown from Dallas, and reread *To the Lighthouse* on the flight. Four students from the morning seminar came back for round two.



FROM LEFT: Ciara Bauwens, Kiran Khosla, and Simi Siddalingaiah, during the final morning seminar.

to O'Connor's retirement home in Charlestown, Rhode Island, along piping plover-filled Block Island Sound, a setting similar to the Ramsays' summer home on the Isle of Skye. O'Connor hosted the penultimate session at his house for more than 25 years, "to extend the conversation beyond the classroom and urge them to continue the conversation into their futures."

Now, in the classroom, they gave most of the final hour over to a four-page, stream-of-conscious scene in which Mrs. Ramsay retreats to her bedroom and knits, away from her many houseguests, her eight children, and her husband, a man "lean as a knife, narrow as the blade of one." Students took turns reading paragraphs aloud. O'Connor called on two women to read the final paragraph in unison. Halfway through the first sentence, they broke into laughter at the strangeness of reading together. When they continued, they read with solemnity, as the world opened to Mrs. Ramsay: "There were all the places she had not seen; the Indian plains; she felt herself pushing aside the thick leather curtain of a church in Rome."

One student said, "Woolf is arguing that no matter the limits of her situation, anything is possible in thought."

"Anything is possible in thought," O'Connor repeated. "This is what I mean when I say you are the lighthouses. You are the hope to the extent that you believe that to think hard, to think well, to think through is the most natural thing in the world. You must do this for yourselves first. Then you've got to share what you've learned."

As O'Connor packed his book, laptop, and collection of notes from previous years' seminars in his backpack, Emily Zhao '19 stood up and said, "Professor O'Connor, thank you for teaching us that salvation is collective." Then she

presented him with a hardcover edition of *The Brothers Karamazov*, with 14 inscriptions.

AN HOUR LATER, O'CONNOR began his afternoon seminar, and his two final hours of teaching. In celebration of his tenure, the Honors Program had invited faculty and many of O'Connor's former students. Some 50 attended in the cavernous Murray Room. Sean Flahaven '95, a producer of Broadway musical albums (including the Grammy award-winning *Hamilton*), and Sam Sawyer, SJ '00, an editor at the Jesuit magazine *America*, had taken a train from New York City.

Andrew Skaras '15 had flown from Dallas, and reread *To the Lighthouse* on the flight. Four students from the morning seminar had come back for round two.

For the first 45 minutes, O'Connor and his current students, seated before him in a tight semi-circle at the front of the room, discussed a painting. Then O'Connor invited everyone in the room to join the seminar, to gather in a large circle.

For an hour, the group discussed Mrs. Ramsay's musings. While students and younger alumni made references to Shakespeare, Darwin, and Scripture, the older alumni drew on their lives. James Miller '90, CEO of an online gaming company: "Isn't what happens between the Ramsays what happens in any relationship? The closer you get to someone, you realize the gap between you and fully knowing someone is much further than you imagined." Flahaven: "Ramsay is just misperceiving his wife's default expression. Having been in many long-term relationships, I know it's a lesson one learns."

Moments before class ended, Emiley Zalesky Lockhart challenged one of O'Connor's long-held interpretations. Where O'Connor sees "profoundly abiding romance" in Mrs. Ramsay finally leaving the room where she'd been knitting and meditating to join her husband for a walk outside, Lockhart saw "submission," a sacrifice of freedom in aid of keeping a frail marriage from shattering.

"What's the last line of the book?" O'Connor said. "I've had my vision.' Thanks to you, Emiley, I have a new vision of this."

A reception followed. When the students had left, colleagues and former students came forward to offer toasts, to thank him for friendship, for letters recommending them for Fulbrights and law school and seminary. For his "boundless hope for all of us." ■

End Notes

CONTENTS

41 In memory

One hundred years on, rewinding the voices of alumni veterans

44 Notes Towards a Diorama of the Violence

A poem

45 Big ideas

The undergraduate thesis

From the McMullen Museum of Art



Village Scene, Marken (circa 1879), rendered in pen and ink and watercolor by Belgian artist Xavier Mellery, is among some 120 works in the upcoming exhibition *Nature's Mirror: Reality and Symbol in Belgian Landscape*. Paintings, drawings, pastels, and prints show the emergence of landscape as art in the 16th century. Works by 19th-century Realists and Symbolists reflect post-industrial pinings for a simpler relationship with nature. Mellery (1845–1921) captured this scene in an island fishing village on 21 3/4-x-17-inch paper. The exhibition, curated by art history professor Jeffery Howe, runs September 10–December 10.



Students wanting to enlist gather on the athletic field after war is declared in 1917. Some 540 members of the University community would serve.

IN MEMORY

One hundred years on, rewinding the voices of alumni veterans

AMERICA'S ENTRANCE, ON APRIL 6, 1917, INTO THE nearly three-year-old European conflict that became known as the Great War was greeted positively on Boston College's campus, according to the editors of the student literary and news publication, *Stylus*. "It has sent a thrill through the breast of each of us," they wrote, that "B.C. men have rushed to the colors without the hesitation of an instant."

Consensus for such involvement was new, however; prior to President Woodrow Wilson's declaration of war on Germany—to make the world "safe for democracy," he said—sentiment in the paper had been neutral at best, with the appearance, occasionally, of articles lauding Germany for "fighting the fight waged only for love!" or for summoning a "new virility." Words of encouragement for Great Britain, overlord of Ireland (ancestral home of many Boston College students), had been absent.

Once war was joined, the University took up America's cause, instituting military drills as a mandatory part of the curriculum, installing a war garden, and offering lectures on "Nitrogen in Peace and War" and "Prussian Militarism." An undated photograph in

the University archives shows a large contingent of students, in topcoats and fedoras, assembling on the athletic fields (now the site of McGuinn Hall) to enlist.

By war's end, 540 students, faculty, staff, and Jesuits had served. Fifteen died—seven in battle, seven of illness (mostly influenza), and one in an accident. Seventeen more were wounded.

In summer 1984, as the 70th anniversary of America's entry into World War I approached, *Boston College Magazine* published interviews conducted by editor Ben Birnbaum with alumni from the thinning ranks of veterans. With 2017 marking now 100 years, *BCM* again raises their voices and shares their recollections from the war to end all wars.

Thomas A. Lyons (1894–1987)

PRIVATE, 96TH COMPANY, MARINES

Thomas Lyons, Class of 1916, enlisted in 1918 and saw action on the front in the Champagne sector and in the Argonne Forest, a German bastion, where, in seven weeks, more than 26,000 Americans were killed

and nearly 96,000 wounded before the Allies prevailed. Lyons went on to a 42-year career at Weymouth High School, south of Boston, where he was a teacher of mathematics and assistant principal.

I tried to enlist as soon as the war broke out, but they were drafting everybody they wanted, and I was told to wait. Finally, the Marines decided to try me out even though I was a couple of pounds underweight and an inch too short.

Everybody was going. I had two brothers, and one enlisted

the day war was declared. I was glad the Marines got me because I figured they were the best-trained soldiers. I often thought, "I don't want to get bumped off because the guy next to me doesn't know his business."

The way we went through Argonne, our artillery was throwing shells over our heads and the Germans were throwing shells at us. So we'd wait for a shell to burst in front of us and make a dash for the hole. Then the German shells would land behind us. As long as you stayed between our shells and the

German shells, you were all right. We always had a hole to run into or we wouldn't run, and you made sure it was a fresh hole so you knew no one would be in it when you got there. If you had to stop for any reason, you'd dig a hole about a foot square and three feet deep and get into it. That way the only danger was a direct hit, and there was nothing to worry about if you took a direct hit because there'd be nothing left of you. Of course, all the holes filled up with water and you'd get up in the morning and the first thing you'd do is help the fellow next to you wring out his greatcoat. Then he'd help you with yours.

I don't think the experience of the war changed me at all. I never thought about it much afterwards. I came back and picked up the pieces where I left off. I never belonged to any veterans organization. I kept my uniform for a while but then the moths got to it and I had to throw it away. Serving was just something I figured I ought to do. We didn't believe any of that Woodrow Wilson stuff about it being the war to end wars. We said there'd always be wars because there'd always be fools.

James L. O'Brien (1894–1993)

CORPORAL, ORDNANCE CORPS, ARMY

James O'Brien, Class of 1916, enlisted in summer 1917 with classmate Pat Donovan, who later became his brother-in-law. Together they served in Washington, D.C., and then in Paris. O'Brien taught and was a guidance counselor at Dorchester High School in Boston from 1941 until his retirement in 1965.

In March 1918, we crossed [to France] on an old Italian freighter—15 days down in the hold. The bunks were triple-deckers and there were no showers. Every morning at four we had a submarine watch. My assignment was to stand alongside a life raft. The raft was thrown over, all the men got into it, I made sure they were all there, and then I got into it. As we neared Brest, we collided with a German submarine. There was mass confusion and terror. I slept right through it.

The Germans had the big guns then—Big Bertha. They shelled Paris every 15 minutes. At one minute to 12:00 you'd say an Act of Contrition. Then you knew you'd be OK for another 15 minutes. Once, the Germans came within 12 miles of Paris. The whole sky was illuminated from the artillery fire. They began to bring the soldiers in from the battle. My job was to pick the soldiers up at the

railroad station, load them into the ambulance and unload them at the hospital. There was no light in the street. There were no lights in the houses. The ambulance couldn't use lights. You'd wonder how the drivers were able to do it.

There was this woman who ran a fancy store on the Champs. She took a shine to me and Pat. She used to invite us to her house for a meal every Sunday night. The Sunday night meal was always lousy in the Army. After dinner, the whole family would escort us to the subway station.

Those [women in Paris] were nice to me. I should have written to them after the war, but I didn't. At that age, you don't care. You're not grateful to people. You take it all for granted.

Frederick J. Gillis (1893–1988)

LIEUTENANT, INFANTRY DIVISION, ARMY

Frederick Gillis, Class of 1916, was 23 when he attended the Army's Plattsburgh Training Camp in the summer of 1917. He served on the front at Chemin des Dames, Toul, Xivray-et-Marvoisin, Aisne-Marne, Champagne, and in defensive sectors. Twice wounded, he was awarded the Purple Heart with Palm and the American Victory Medal with six stars. The French awarded him the Verdun and Chateau-Thierry medals. Gillis was assistant superintendent and then superintendent of the Boston Public Schools from 1935 until his retirement in 1963.

When we entered the war, I was studying at Catholic University. I asked the professors to give me my exams early and I went over to Fort Myers to enlist. They had a magnificent cavalry display every second week. I thought that would be terrific. But it was too hot down there. I got them to send me to the Plattsburgh Training Camp. I became one of the 90-day-wonders, a second lieutenant.



Thomas A. Lyons



James L. O'Brien

I was sent to Fort Devens two weeks after I received my commission. The conditions were terrible. The barracks were just being built. The first night I was there, they called for volunteers for immediate service in France. I put my name in just to get out of Fort Devens.

Toul was worse than horrible. The trenches were three feet deep. You broke your back stooping down. We tried to make them deeper and dug into bodies of buried French soldiers. So we stopped digging. We ate one meal a day at midnight, because that was the only time they could bring the supplies up through the trenches. The dangerous times were dawn and dusk. Everyone was on duty then.

A strange thing happened [in a battle at Xivray-et-Marvoisin].



Frederick J. Gillis

The Germans made an attack and in the course of the battle a squad of my platoon disappeared in the woods. We were going to rescue them, when a voice called, "Lieutenant, don't shoot!" The squad had been captured by some Germans who had agreed to let them go if we let the German soldiers return to their lines. That's what we did. It turned out the Germans were Bavarian Catholics. They were wearing religious medals around their necks and my soldiers were Catholics as well. That's the one time I saw the influence of religion in the war.

The Second Battle of the Marne began on July 15, 1918. Later that day, I was raising my hand to direct fire and that's when I got two bullets through my left arm just below the elbow. They passed through me and hit my orderly in the belly. By that time most of my platoon was killed or wounded. By the end of the day, of the 70 in my platoon, three would be left unhurt. I began to make a tourniquet with my rosary beads above my elbow. There was a soldier on my right, Bert Baker, a lad from Vermont. He came over to help me get the tourniquet on. He tied the first knot and a sniper got him through the chest. I held him in my arms. He asked for water. I raised my canteen and the sniper got the canteen. Bert passed out and then came to. "Bert," I said, "I think we ought to say a prayer." "OK," he said. So I said, "I desire to die in the true faith founded by Jesus Christ," and [Bert] said it after me.



The Student Army Training Corps, a precursor to ROTC, drills on Alumni Field in 1918. In the distance are newly erected barracks.

That afternoon was the only time I saw cavalry action. The charge was magnificent, but it was stupid. The machine guns played hell with the horses.

I have often thought about the war and I find I cannot imagine leading an attack against machine guns. But while the war was going on, we felt it was a job to be done by our generation. I believed we were fighting a war to end wars. At the time, I believed it. The next thing I knew, my sons were fighting in war.

Martin E. Connors (1896–1989)

CORPORAL, QUARTERMASTER CORPS, ARMY

Martin Connors, Class of 1920, left the College of the Holy Cross in the middle of his sophomore year to enlist in December 1917. He served in France and Great Britain, and was discharged in March 1919. Connors completed his degree at Boston College and was a teacher and administrator in the Lowell, Massachusetts, public schools from 1920 until his retirement in 1966.

The last half of the 1917 term at Holy Cross you'd go into class and someone would be missing. He was drafted or enlisted. That gave me the idea to enlist. I didn't want to be drafted. I felt that was a stigma if they had to come after you. You had to sign on for the duration of the war—five years, 10 years, it didn't matter. The government had a beautiful setup.

I had a friend from Lowell, a lawyer. One night he wakes me up and takes me to the latrine to talk to me. He tells me about this fellow who could fix things up so I wouldn't have to go overseas. I went to see the man. He was sitting in a chair with his feet up on a desk. I listened to what he had to say, and I told him "no."

He said to me as I was leaving, "You'll get your arse shot off over there." I told him, "You'll never get your arse shot off over here, you damn coward."

One day [in Tours, France] I got called. I was being assigned to general headquarters in London. The major says, "I see you went to Holy Cross. Can you type and take shorthand?" "Yes, sir," I said. I had never sat in front of a typewriter and I couldn't take shorthand, but it was a good assignment. It turned out they didn't have much for me to do in London. Then they sent me to Liverpool.

In the fall of 1918, an influenza epidemic was felling 11,000 American soldiers a week. Liverpool was a major port for disembarking soldiers. They took the soldiers off the boats, sick and dead, in the thousands. They piled the corpses in warehouses like lumber. It was a horrible sight. I would sit in the middle of the warehouse and they would bring the effects and dog tags and so on from each one, and I'd put them in an envelope and put the name on it. We had a doctor working with us. He'd insist you wash your mouth with Scotch whiskey each morning. That was his remedy. It must have worked. I never came down with as much as a cold.

On leave, Connors and a fellow soldier visited the Isle of Man, to which had been consigned civilian prison-



Martin E. Connors

ers of war. We were put up in a hotel. One day I heard some piano music from a room and I looked in and there was a girl playing classical music and a man and a woman listening to her. It was the German ambassador to the U.S. and his wife and daughter. I could play a little music then, so I sat down and played a while.

We had a lovely time for two weeks. We were the only Americans on the island. They wouldn't let us spend a dime. The last night we had dinner at the commandant's house. Prisoners were wait-

ers, black coats and all. This German prisoner was talking to me. It turned out he was a waiter at the Parker House [in Boston] before the war.

When the war ended, everything was wide open for three days. I mean there was no morality, nothing. If you were weak, you were gone. Fortunately, I had the Jesuit training, so I came out OK.

The war changed my life completely. I had plans to be a doctor. When I came back I was 23, and that was that. ■

Notes Towards a Diorama of the Violence

By Kim Garcia

Not much

lasts in any case, and in loss I imagine a world cornered

and squared at last. No sneaky stages, no leaks. What might happen has already happened. That's what I wanted

all my life when people said *water under the bridge*, the past, *forgive and forget*. I thought I want some of that. A cupboard

I could curl up in, shut the door, how quiet the dark might be, however close and comforting—the bridge past forgetting—no

bank, no horrible other world to return from, God no. But the minute I shook my head, scratched, heard my eyes

blink, it was back—the need to forgive, to forget. All that water.

Kim Garcia teaches in the English department at Boston College, and is the author most recently of the poetry collections *DRONE* and *The Brighter House* (2016).

Big ideas

The undergraduate thesis had its first mention in the University's academic Bulletin in 1937, when it seems to have been a requirement for graduation. Today, with few program exceptions (e.g., Perspectives, and Islamic civilization and societies), writing a thesis is a matter of student choice, from selection of a topic and faculty advisor to length of the text (50–80 pages is suggested by the Honors Program). In recent years, 200 or so members of each senior class have elected to write a thesis. The following titles earned awards from the various departments over Commencement weekend this year:

"Popular and Political Perceptions: Mary Stuart and the Link Between Religion and Politics in Renaissance Great Britain"
By Allison Alecci (history)

"Reasonable Citizenship: What Intellectual Disability Reveals about Democratic Theories of Sovereignty, Citizenship, Suffrage, and Political Participation"
By Mackenzie Arnold (political science)

"Deconstruction in Blue: Yves Klein and the Negation of the 'Painting' Category"
By Jean Bower (art history)

"Suenens's Council: A Study of the Influence of Cardinal Leo Suenens on the Teaching and Reception of Vatican II"
By Mary Kate Cahill (theology)

"Precise Chemical Modification of Individual Capsid Proteins of Adeno-associated Virus to Understand and Engineer Cell-entry"
By Xiaofu Cao (chemistry)

"Dighton Rock and the Construction of Wishful History"
By Violet Caswell (history)

"Sexual Motivation is Mediated by Vasopressin in the Brain, but Does so Differently in Males than in Females" [with postdoctoral fellow Brett T. DiBenedictis and Alexa H. Veenema, associate professor of behavioral neuroscience]
By Harry K. Cheung (biology)

"You Are Who You Eat With: Barriers to Adopting Animal-Free Diets"
By Emily Franko (sociology)

"'Vindicate Your Color, Your Honor, and Your Manhood!': The Klan, Honor, and Masculinity"
By Danielle Harrington (history)

"Drawing Lines in the Sand: The British Folly in the Middle East and its Everlasting Chaos"
By Luke Heineman (history)

"Crime Generators, Deterrents, and Attractors in Micro-Places"
By James LeDoux (economics)

"The Boston Heresy Case: American Catholic Identity Formation Between World War II and Vatican II"
By Christine Marie Lorica (history)

"The Myth of Integration: Diffusion of Health Systems Strengthening Norm in Global Health"
By Elizabeth Magill (international studies)

"Portrait/profile"
By Brielle G. Mariucci (studio arts)

"The Myth of 'Soft Power Counterterrorism': A Comparative-Historical Framework for Evaluating Deradicalization and Countering Violent Extremism Programs in the West"
By Emily Murphy (Islamic civilization and societies)

"A Comparative Analysis of Populist Discourse on Twitter During National Elections"
By Miranda Richard (communication)

"Airbnb's Effect on New York City's Hotel Industry"
By Christopher Dalla Riva (economics)

"Giuseppe Lorenzo Archive"
By Vincent L. Roca (studio arts)

"The Abandoned Protection: Federal Enforcement of Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution"
By Patrick Roehm (history)

"The Impact of Mobile Money on Saving in Sub-Saharan Africa"
By Carolyn Ruh (economics)

"After Eitoku: The Limits of the Grand Momoyama Style"
By Jonah Schumer (art history)

"From Conformity to Solidarity: Okinawa's Search for an Indigenous Identity"
By Weijia Shen (history)

"You are What You Eat: Malnutrition and its Determinants in Ecuador"
By Lindsay Stone (Morrissey College of Arts & Sciences Honors Program)

"A Rush to Judgment: 2006 Duke Lacrosse Rape and 2011 Penn State Child Sex Abuse Scandal"
By Ji Soo (Hailey) Tahk (communication)

"The Case for Watanjiyya: State-Based National Identity and Democracy in the Arab Middle East"
By Hagop Toghramdian (political science)

"Female Pop Stars and the Perception of Women in Society"
By Isabella Valentini (communication)

"'An Impossible Job': The Effect of the Vice Presidency on the Legacies of Lyndon B. Johnson and Hubert H. Humphrey"
By Madeline Webster (history)

Seniors whose theses are part of a departmental or University honors program may archive their work online with the University libraries. The eScholarship@BC website currently houses 539 works.

EXTENSION SCHOOLS

By Jeri Zeder

A Lynch School program takes up one child at a time

In 1998, challenged by a \$250,000 grant from a local foundation, Mary Walsh, the Lynch School of Education's Kearns Professor of Urban Education and Innovative Leadership, undertook to design a reasonably frugal, scalable model for boosting the academic, social, and health outcomes at primary schools with largely underprivileged student populations. She joined forces with a public-school principal and hired a researcher, and together they initiated a collaboration with city teachers, principals, student support staff, families, and community agencies. "We looked at all the national research and there was no model out there that did what our focus groups told us needed to be done," says Walsh, so "we developed our own." In 2001, City Connects, with Walsh as its executive director, was launched as a pilot project in Boston's Allston and Brighton neighborhoods, in seven elementary schools. The program has since grown to include about 30,000 K–5 (and occasionally K–8) students in 97 schools, 11 cities, and five states—Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, and Minnesota.

In every school, the centerpiece of the program is a personalized plan for each child, developed by an onsite school coordinator (usually a social worker) and the child's teacher, with feedback and input from the family. A proprietary database of public and private agencies, resources, and services provides a clearinghouse for getting the child whatever sustenance he or she needs. The plan, which is reviewed every eight weeks and tweaked as necessary, addresses what holds the child back and also what "will support his or her strengths," says Walsh. "It takes both for healthy development, whether a child's talent is for sports or math or art."

In a May 3, 2017, article at commonwealthmagazine.org, superintendent Daniel Warwick of Springfield, Massachusetts, where there are 15 City Connects schools, described how the program arranges for services from "clothes to eye exams and dental care. On Fridays, we fill children's backpacks with food to ensure they eat over the weekend. Sometimes we deliver beds to families who are sleeping on the floor." He cites student matchups with summer and after-school enrichment programs, and concludes, "The beauty of this work is that the resources already exist. City Connects is fueled by more than 100 community partners with programs and staff that are already out there waiting to help."

City Connects falls into a category of education known variously as integrative student support, wraparound services, or comprehensive services. (Walsh uses the term "optimized student support.") What makes the program stand out is that it is embedded in a university. To Walsh, this gives it a hybrid mission: both to directly serve kids, and to advance the knowledge of what helps them.

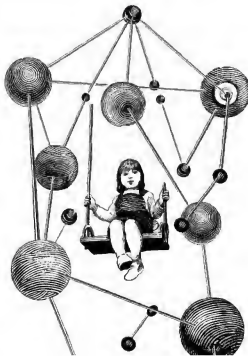
The City Connects team, which now numbers some two dozen researchers and senior implementers, began reporting results in peer-reviewed journals after more than a decade of data collection, study, refinement, replication, and expansion.

The most recent article, "The Impact of Comprehensive Student Support on Teachers," published in the July 2017 issue of *Teaching and Teacher Education*, reports that teachers engaged in whole-child reviews describe an improved ability to manage their students' behavior. Other studies have shown that students in City Connects close two-thirds of their achievement gap in math. They are less prone to chronic absenteeism and to being held back, and they wind up with half the high school dropout rate of their peers.

In 2015, Columbia University researchers released an extensive cost-benefit analysis, measuring the expense of City Connects and its associated services against projections of students' increased lifetime earnings and of savings to the community around improved health, reduced crime, and fewer welfare payments. The conclusion: Covering 100 students in the program for six years requires \$457,000 from society but would result in \$1,385,000 in societal benefits, for a net reward of \$928,000. The verdict rendered by Columbia professor of economics and education Henry Levin: City Connects is "effective and parsimonious."

In a small conference room in Campion Hall, Walsh reflects on the program's future. City Connects will continue its methodical expansion into new educational realms, she says. Already, a high school model is being piloted, on which data is being collected. And talks are underway to extend the program into a community college. "That is in R&D," she says. City Connects this summer received \$2.6 million from the federal Institute for Educational Sciences, to conduct further research on the effects of its efforts. ■

Jeri Zeder is a writer in the Boston area.





Beauchamp, in her USGA uniform, on the 18th hole of the U.S. Open.

By the book

By Zachary Jason

Golf adjudicator
Christine Beauchamp NC/73

Crouched in two-foot-tall fescue behind the 11th green, Christine (Richards) Beauchamp, a rules official at the 117th U.S. Open in Erin, Wisconsin, watched silent and still. The world's best players were vying for a share of \$12 million, the richest purse in golf history. A decision by her—that, say, a club had touched sand before a swing—could cost a player dearly.

Making the right call “starts with knowing ‘the Bible,’” Beauchamp whispered between threesomes, clutching her three-inch-thick United States Golf Association (USGA) rulebook. It contains verdicts on more than 1,500 scenarios, all of which the former economics major appears to have memorized.

Post college, Beauchamp worked as an auditor for Price Waterhouse in her native Puerto Rico, leaving to raise three children while her husband, Pedro Beauchamp '73, attended medical school. She took up golf in 2002 and enrolled in her first USGA rules workshop in 2006, after an opponent in an amateur tournament wasn't penalized for what Beauchamp maintains was an infraction. “I wasn't going to get burned again,” she says. She started volunteering as an official at local tournaments and now adjudicates some 30 events a year.

Qualifying to officiate at major championships requires scoring at least a 92 on a

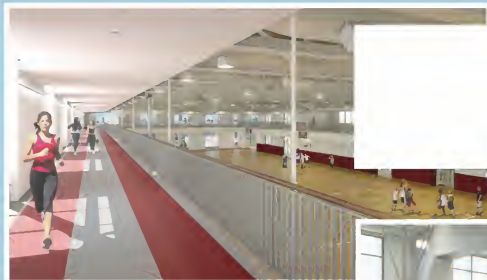
hair-splitting, 100-question USGA exam. Beauchamp, a “proud stickler,” has scored a 95 or higher every year since 2009. She has worked, by invitation, at the British Open (2013), the U.S. Women's Open (this year and last), and International Golf Federation tournaments in Turkey, Japan, and Argentina. Like many rules officials, she volunteers her time.

It was quiet that muggy afternoon on the 11th, aside from when Beauchamp had to radio fellow officials to put a trio of golfers “on the clock” for slow play (and in jeopardy of a one-stroke penalty). During the lulls, it was impossible to stump her.

What's rule 17-4?

“Ball resting against flagstick.” At a local championship in 2016, she explained, a player picked up his ball that was wedged between the flagstick and the cup, thinking he had scored a hole-in-one (and won a convertible). Incorrect. The matter was brought to the Puerto Rico Golf Association rules committee, which included Beauchamp. The members ruled that his ball wasn't “holed”—“meaning entirely below the hole's lip”—and he was disqualified for not finishing.

Beauchamp is known for declaring rules violations during family board games. What she loves about golf, she says, is “there's always an elegant solution.”



A FITNESS EVOLUTION

A recreation center for the 21st century will open its doors in summer 2019. See a preview on p. 74.



FOR BC

